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The SPHERE

Vol. CXXX. No. 1702 SEPT. 3, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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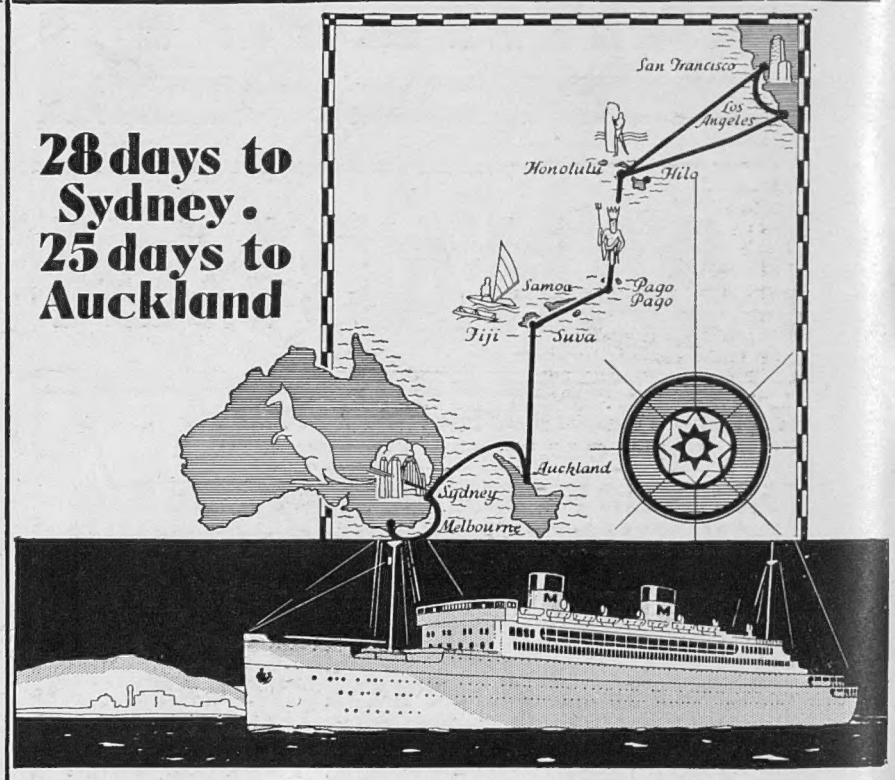

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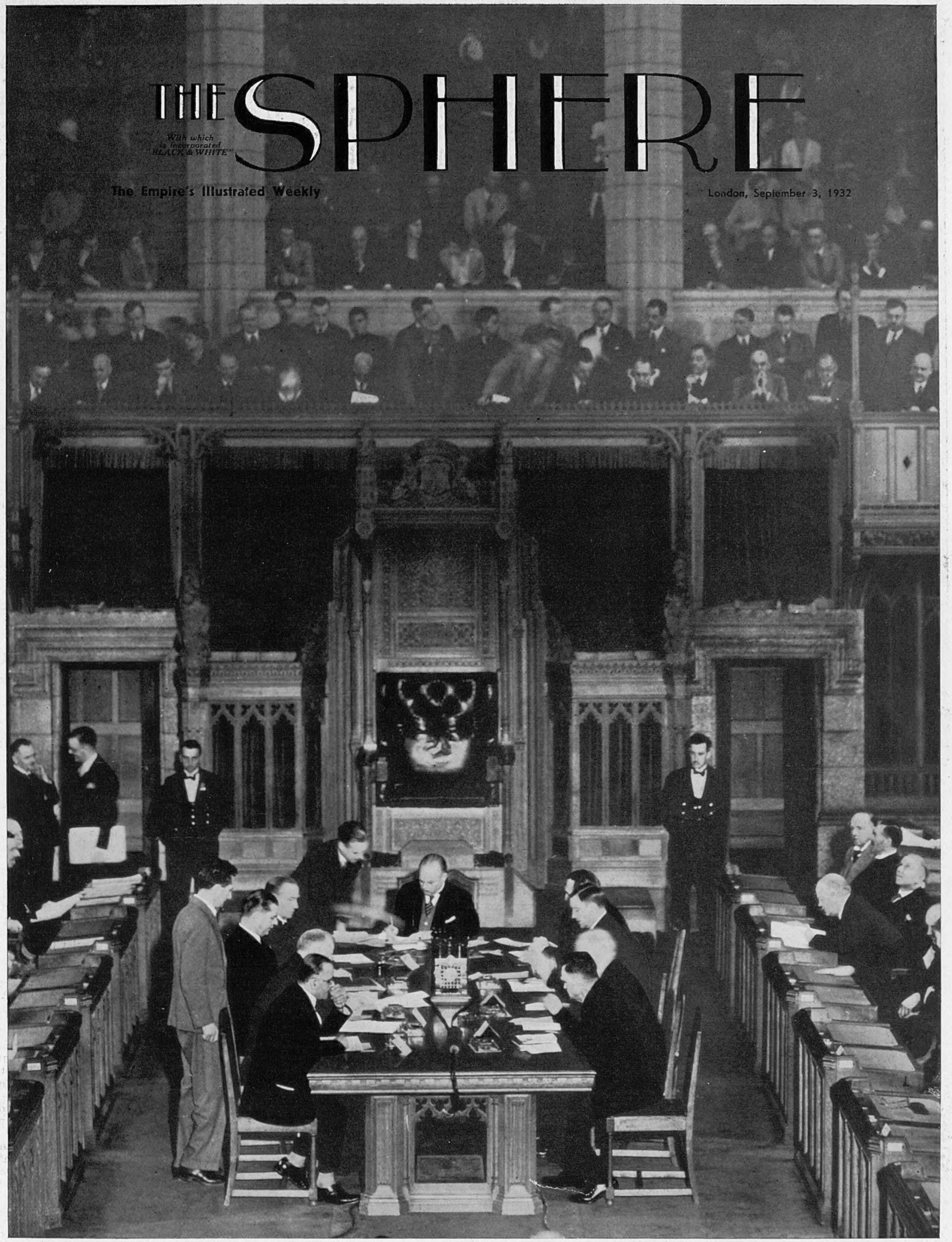
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, September 3, 1932



THE TRIUMPH OF OTTAWA

The Last Scene of the Imperial Economic Conference Recorded by the Camera

This picture shows the great climax to the great Conference on which the economic hopes of the Empire have been hung. Above is seen the signing of the agreements between the Mother Country and the Dominions, and between the various Dominions themselves. On behalf of the United Kingdom, Mr. Baldwin signed trade treaties with Australia, New Zealand, India, and Southern Rhodesia, the heads of the delegations concerned signing for their several States. Mr. Bennett signed for Canada but, as a gracious act of memory to Joseph Chamberlain who, years ago, first mooted the question of Imperial Preference, asked his son, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to sign instead of his titular chief. Canada, having extant treaties with Australia and New Zealand, entered into agreement with South Africa (which independently cemented trade arrangements with New Zealand and the Irish Free State), Southern Rhodesia, and the Free State. At the table are Mr. Bennett, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Coates (N.Z.), Mr. O'Kelly (I.F.S.), Sir A. Chatterjee (Ind.), Mr. Bruce (Aus.), Mr. Havenga (S.A.), Mr. Alderdyce (Nfld.), and Mr. Moffatt (S.R.). To the right Messrs. Chamberlain, Thomas, Runciman, and Lord Hailsham may be discerned

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New

THE IMPERIAL WELCOME: The inevitable battery of cinematograph cameras in action at the reception held by the Mayor of Southampton on board the *Empress of Britain* to the returned delegates from the Ottawa Conference. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin are seen in the centre foreground and Mr. Neville Chamberlain on the right

346, STRAND, W.C.,

Wednesday, August 31, 1932.

THE GERMAN TRAGEDY.

—Remorseless and inexorable as a Greek tragedy, the German political drama moves on towards conflict. One could almost see the inevitable positions of the protagonist pieces two or three moves ahead. The emergency decrees came tardily, almost by pressure of world opinion, when Germany had become a shambles of political murder and a shame to her neighbours. The decrees —none too severe—are promulgated, and instantly after a bunch of Nazi cutthroats brutally murder a Communist. The murderers are caught, stand trial, and are sentenced, under the new scale of penalties, to death. Had they committed their foul and cruel killing a few hours earlier, they could not have suffered death. That is the sole "plank" in Hitler's protest, and a rotten plank it is. Yet see how inexorably Fate or circumstance pushes these protagonists along. Their own volition counts for nothing. They are but puppets. Hitler is so placed that he could do nothing else but practically declare war against the death sentences—which are just and in accordance with common sense and civilization. Von Papen must shoulder responsibility for the decrees which Hindenburg signed, and faces a hideous dilemma. If he is strong, he lets loose the dogs of civil war. If he is weak, his influence and authority are pricked like bubbles.

A YEAR'S WORK.

—The National Government is a year old, and has achieved in a year solid reforms which have made political and economic history. It has done better than the optimists expected, and should go down to history as the Conversion Ministry. It has done things that no party Government could have done, and in consequence it has converted the nation to a kindlier view of coalitions. The nation, sick to death of the very name of parties, was ripe for this conversion. It has converted an obstinate majority of the nation to the idea of protection, and changed the economic status of a diehard free-trade stronghold. And that was, indeed, a Liberal conversion. It has converted 2,000 millions of our debt to a substantially lower rate of interest, and that has converted the doubters in civilization to a strong belief in the impregnable foundations of British character and credit. Behind this year-old Government, formed in our darkest hour, lie dazzling milestones marking a glorious advance — financial disaster averted, credit retrieved, an empire consolidated, the foundations of genuine economy laid, the revival of trade made possible. Before it still lie deep pitfalls and bulky obstructions. The axe has yet to be laid to the root of the tree of Government extravagance. The world has yet to be converted to sanity concerning war debts and war armaments. There is the running sore of Ireland to be healed. There is the tragedy of ignorance and misunderstanding to be tackled in more than one vital industry, for the cotton trade is not the only great national industry to stage the farce of a crew burning their ship in mid-ocean to keep themselves warm. Much has been done, yet more remains to do. We are not yet sighing for a return to the game of party politics.

THE BUILDING OF BUCKFAST.

—Before the days of Alfred the monkish missionaries to Wessex saw and were conquered by the beauty of Buckfast and built there an abbey which grew and grew, rich in learning, piety, and treasures until the reign of Rufus. Stephen revived its activities with new blood from France, and the history of Buckfast as a Cistercian house began. It ended with the reign of Henry VIII, who despoiled the great abbey in 1539. The centuries passed, the lead and masonry were filched to build neighbouring manors and to provide cheaply stone dykes and cottages. At the dawn of the present century the ruin was complete and the foundations blotted out. And now a couple of South German monks, leaders of a small band who had come to rest at Buckfast, conceived the idea of rebuilding the age-old ruin and reviving the glories dimmed for four centuries. One of these, Vonier, surviving shipwreck, had the honour of setting the work in hand—as a memorial to his drowned brother. It was sown in weakness. It is raised in strength. Faith, a guinea, and a borrowed horse were the stock-in-trade which set the great venture afoot. It teaches the greatest, perhaps the one vital lesson of the Christian religion. By faith all things are possible. If a man achieve faith, he achieves all. To Vonier's faith all things were added —knowledge, craftsmanship, health, strength, energy, money, material, rich gifts, and splendid treasures of art. In a forgotten corner of England, during a quarter century most pregnant with tragedy, upheaval, and change, a handful of foreigners—there is no such term in the vocabulary of the Catholic Church —worked constructively, while the outside world worked destructively, for the love of God and the glory of their faith, and achieved something more solid and more inspiring and more powerful than the Treaty of Versailles. It is not strange that this little incident of Buckfast should hold the popular interest and powerfully appeal to Roman Catholics the world over. It is the negation of everything modern. Faith in a disillusioned world, patience in an impatient world, unworldliness in a material and worldly age, craftsmanship in a mechanical age of mass production, brotherhood in a world obstructed by national barriers, God in a world of Mammon. It sets once more the standard of values which glorified the Renaissance. It teaches that a man's whole life can be made illustrious by a single achievement which the material world counts as nothing, as much as by the building of an empire, if he work for, by, and in his faith.

THE P.O.

—Having digested the report of the Committee on P.O. Organization, the public may be expected to react to renewed admiration for one of the most wonderful of British institutions. If there is a villain in the piece, it is outside the P.O. organization. The Treasury proves to be the short-sighted and greedy bandit who has striven to kill the goose with the golden eggs. No doubt there are internal reforms desirable and urgent. Decentralization is one, and the amalgamation under a single direction of telegraph and telephone services another. Lord Wolmer and other critics are by no means nonsuited by the report. In their desire for perfection, they have done good service to the State. But the Post Office remains—linked with our system of justice—a thing for foreigners to marvel at and envy, and for us to return thanks for, fasting. I have been re-reading Lord Granville Leveson-Gower's letters, and they brought home to me the state of perfection which our Post Office has attained since his time, when the interchange of letters was a matter of uncertainty, anxiety, and constant delay. With my hand on my heart, can I allege that in forty years any letter or packet of mine has ever gone astray? Can I allege that half-a-dozen have suffered the delay of a single day, or even post? It is a magnificent record.

> "In countless myriads, to and fro,
> The fateful missives come and go,
> Weaving, like shuttles, as they fly,
> The web of human destiny."

In my opinion the web of fate is in efficient hands, which can be trusted, if trusted by the Treasury, to effect further improvements in their own concern.

THE PROFESSOR'S HOLIDAY.

—Professor Clarence Skinner has been enjoying a well-earned holiday in America, and is now on his way back to England. By nature, shy to a painful degree, the professor accorded very few interviews during his stay in the States. But those reporters, who were favoured, judged that the professor was really enjoying a busman's holiday and that his trip was concerned with very big business. The professor has done big business before now, and many people regard him as an adept at disguise. Indeed, a large number of amateur and professional economists and financiers regard him as a national blessing in disguise, in a disguise so perfect as to render himself totally unrecognizable as such. In England, in his spiritual home in Threadneedle Street, the professor masquerades under an alias. He calls himself Mr. Montagu Norman and, with the additional aid of a Vandyke beard, casts his Clarence Skinner like a snake. It is not impossible that Professor Skinner has come to regard his alias as a handicap when attempting to pull off big business. Certainly in financial operations the combination of the name Clarence with that of Skinner seems peculiarly happy, and the professor has no good reason for improving on it. Let us hope it has enabled him to bring back a suitcase full of favourable agreements, like Mr. Baldwin.

RENTS OF GROUSE MOORS.

—The Highland landowner has now to face the fact that for some years to come the boom in grouse moors is over. He must prepare for a 50 per cent. cut in his demands. The present season has already proved that his last hope of maintaining the standard of rents is gone. The great boom grew out of the post-War wave of prosperity in America and the great grouse year of 1922. These two events combined to force up the rents of grouse moors to the high peak. There has been no great year since 1922, and the number of lessees able and willing to pay for their fun by the weight of the bag in gold has steadily diminished. In 1930 a large number of these lessees found to their annoyance that, by contracting for moors early, they were paying twice and thrice the rents of those who waited until July and picked up unlet moors at a knock-down price. They resolved not to be caught again, and that resolve was strengthened by the very moderate bags obtained. In 1931, Angus, Aberdeen, and Eastern Perthshire had an unexpectedly good year, and the situation of the landowner improved. Had the expectations of 1932 been fulfilled, the reduction in the scale of rents might have been minimized. But those expectations have not been fulfilled. The first driving week has shown unexpectedly poor results. In Moray and Nairn, the two "safest" moors produced half the normal bags of an "average" year, a quarter of the bag for a bumper year. The sale of grouse can be reckoned about to pay the cost of the beaters. Those costs remain constant (while driving goes on) whether the bags are big or small. So it follows that lessees will not next year respond to propositions on a "bumper-year" scale of rents. The whole basis must be scaled down. And that is a blow to the Highlands. But the landowner will be wise to accept the inevitable at once, for it is far better for him to ensure the letting of all his moors at a reasonable rent early in the year than, by hanging on for bigger figures, to find himself tenantless still on the 12th August.

SPEED OF MOTOR-COACHES.

—Once more a coroner's jury has recorded the verdict that the death or injury of more than a dozen persons was due to the excessive speed of

sletter

a motor-coach in a narrow road. Since the Ministry of Transport was created, the public has cried for regulations to check this growing danger and a succession of Ministers has done nothing effective. The motor-coach industry is a blessing and a curse. It has brought interest and happiness to millions, and death, injury, and terror to thousands. No one wants to see it killed. It needs nothing but regulation to turn it into an unmixed blessing. For the most part the drivers are careful and decent, and on open main roads the designs of coaches are reasonably satisfactory. But there is always the leaven of reckless and selfish drivers, encouraged to play the bully by the very bulk and weight of their own vehicles. In the lanes and by-roads, the types of vehicles are utterly unsuitable. We cannot and will not turn our English lanes into stark, trunk roads. We have neither the money, nor, thank God, the inclination. Either the motor-coach must be forbidden the by-roads or the designs of coaches using such minor roads must be instantly regulated. They must be lighter, narrower, and smaller. And that is not all. The tendency to exceed the speed limit, since the road police have utterly failed to stamp it out, must be automatically checked in the design of the vehicles. Since the nation favours the motor-coach and the public desires and has the right to enjoy the lanes and by-roads, the vehicles which ply on them must be designed for safety—that is, they must be built to suit the narrowest lanes and locked-up to a maximum speed of 25 m.p.h. In any part of the country on a summer's day you may note the havoc of these huge vehicles. Coaches overturned in ditches, cars driven into the hedges, drivers, cyclists, and pedestrians bullied and terrorized. For a decade the complaints have increased, the evil has grown, and Ministers of Transport have sat at their official tables drafting pious platitudes and promising reform. Ministers carry their dread of interfering with the liberty of the subject to the point of absurdity, while the population is decimated for an outworn, defunct and unworkable ideal.

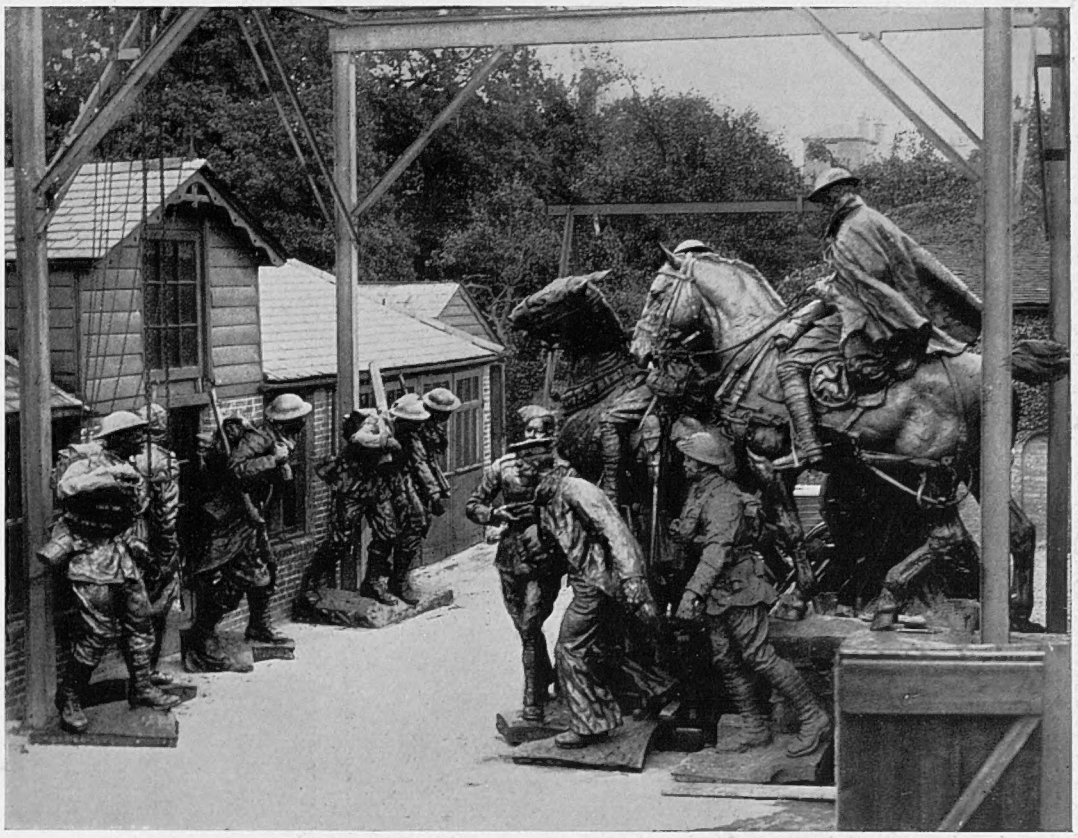
BEARING THEIR SHEAVES.—

The reapers returned to England from the Imperial cornfields, bringing their sheaves with them. They found a hearty welcome, which they deserved, and a smiling England, white already to harvest, lying under a blue sky and warm sun. And I doubt not the sight gladdened their hearts as they sped up from Southampton. For the spice of life lies in change and contrast, and a return to England from anywhere on earth is always a magic experience. To-day the contrast is the more piquant by the fact that, real or apparent, a sense of returning prosperity simmers over our land. The merchants are hopeful, the markets have recovered and are cheerful, a number of sensible reforms are in the air, and in the absence of Parliamentary reports the voice of pessimism and criticism is stilled. In a word, England at the moment is the place to come back to. America, Ireland, Germany, Spain, South America, China, to name a few centres of unrest, are not in cheerful holiday moods. But in England (doubtless a temporary respite) we have time to turn round, to rejoice over Yorkshire's certain triumph in the County Championship, to team-make for the first Test, and to complete in peace the work of sun-tanning our back, legs, and arms.

THE CROSS-WORD CLUE.—

There is something very jolly in the idea, formulated in *The Times*, that solvers of cross-words should turn their detective powers into another channel and, instead of solving the riddles set them, solve the riddle of the setter's personality. You cannot easily solve cross-words until you have got into the mind of the setter. Torquemada is a torturer of souls, and a slayer of sleep, until by gradual experience you learn the twists and bent of his mind and reasoning. My favourite acrostics and cross-word puzzles come easier and easier to me when I have noted the initials or clear characteristics of the setter. I have come to know a good deal about their private lives. Nor need the idea be confined to cross-word setters. Anonymous leader writers and journalists might be brought into the inquisition. It may be that in a decade devoted readers of the Newsletter have come to know (or think they know) a good deal about the private life of The Old Stager. I shall not be offended if they send me the (less libellous) items they have unearthed, and am prepared impartially to consider their submissions and to award the palm to him who in my view comes nearest to the bitter truth.

THE OLD STAGER.



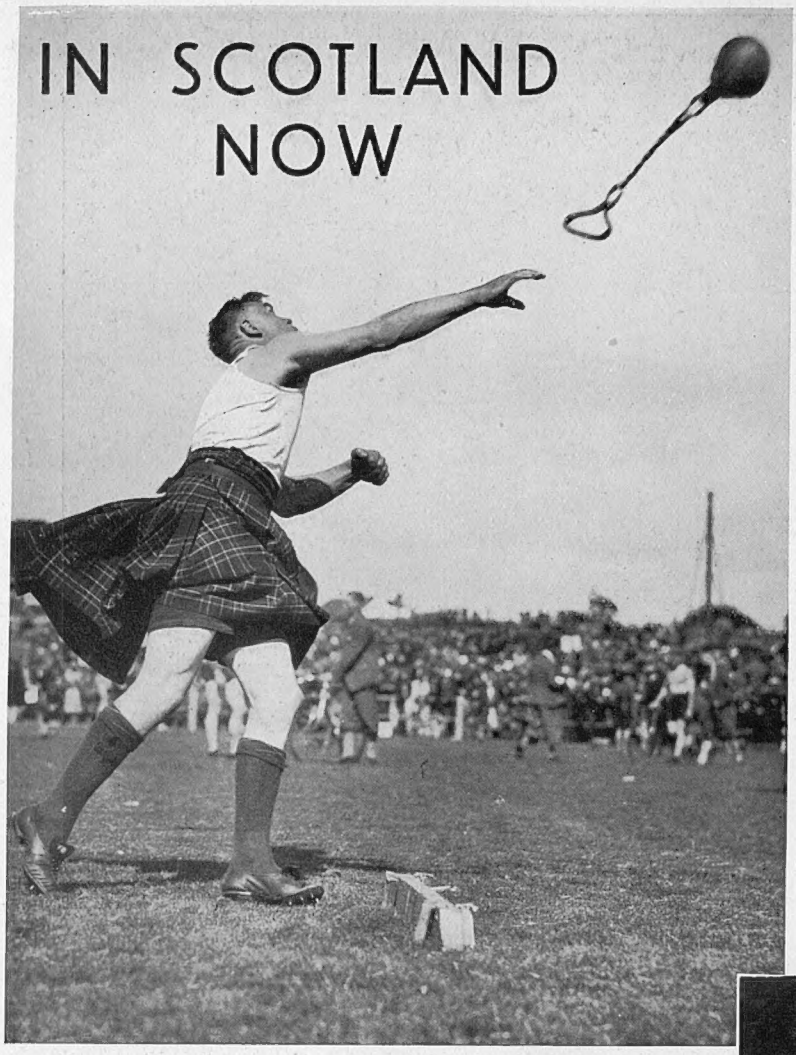
SEVEN YEARS' LABOUR IMMORTALIZED IN BRONZE: Sections of the Canadian War Memorial designed and executed by the famous five brothers March of Farnborough, Kent. It is to be erected in Hyde Park before being shipped to Canada. The heroic scale of the memorial can be conjectured from a comparison with the foundry on the left

AN R IN THE MONTH! Professor J. W. Eyre, the official bacteriologist to the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers, tests samples from every oyster bed and also samples from oysters imported from abroad. At the opening of the oyster season, his work is heavier than at any other time

GOLDEN JUSTICE: The great figure surmounting the Old Bailey is being regilt. The heroic statue is 275 ft. from the ground, so that steeplejacks are employed in the work

THE PROOF OF THE FISHING IS IN THE SEEING THEREOF! A salmon fisher brings the proof of his boasts to show to a bevy of competitors in a beach pyjama contest at Severn Beach, near Bristol

IN SCOTLAND NOW



AT THE COWALL HIGHLAND GATHERING: Mr. George Mitchell of Glasgow, who won the 28-lb. weight-throwing contest. The great sphere hurtled through the air like a thunderbolt cast from the hand of Zeus

AT THE GLENISLA HIGHLAND GAMES: Sir Torquil Munro, Bart., of Lindertis, chats with Pipe-Major MacDonald of Newtyle

AT BALMORAL CASTLE: The King and Queen drive to Crathie Church. Their Majesties invariably travel by open carriage on such occasions, and the King invariably adopts Highland dress

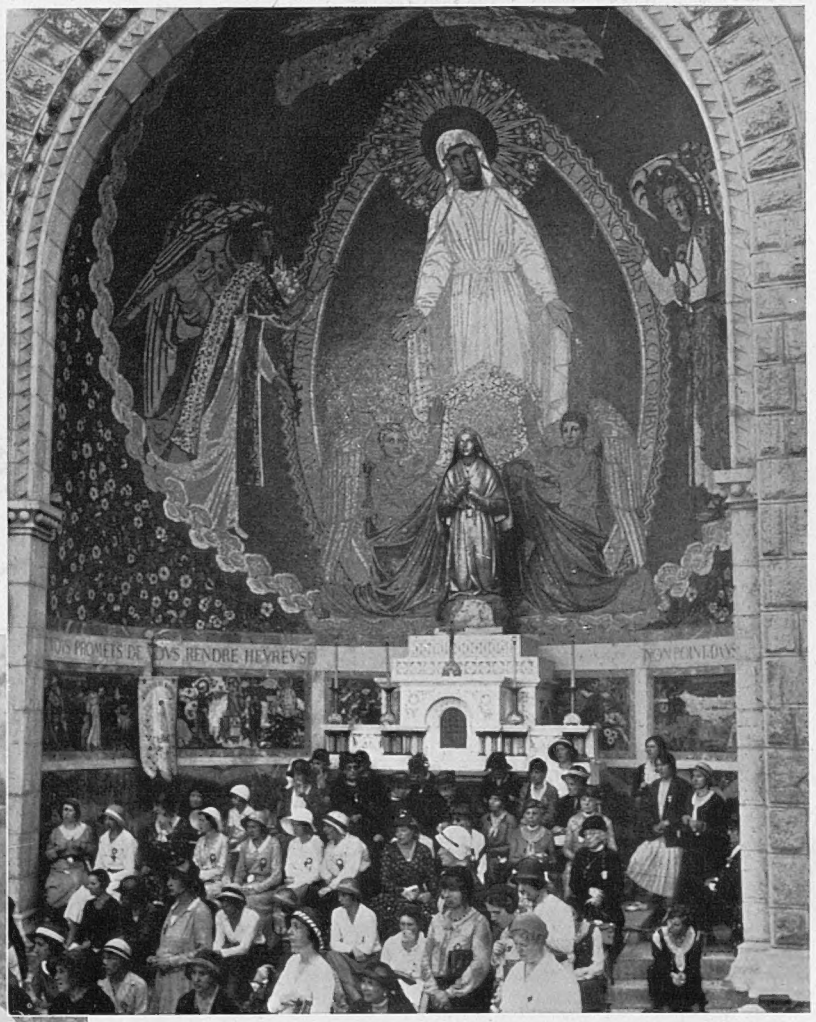
AT GLENISLA: Mr. F. K. Balfour of Kindrogan, Mr. James Kinloch of Meigle, Lt.-Col. J. A. H. Gammell, Mr. Jack Fry of Chichester, Mrs. Gibb, Captain Basil Poe, Mr. Harry Gibb, Mr. R. H. Creasy, and Mrs. Ramsay at Mr. J. Paton Gibb's shooting party

AT NORTH BERWICK: Lady Isabel Manners, younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, a member who carries on the high tradition of her house for beauty

FROM ABROAD

THE OPENING OF THE ARRAS TOWN HALL was performed a few days ago by the Under Secretary of State, M. Marchandeau. The Lord Mayor of Newcastle—a city which "adopted" Arras and contributed towards its reconstruction, was present at the ceremony

"THAT IS VERY UNKIND OF YOU," said the Prince of Wales jokingly to the photographer who took this picture at a ticklish moment during his visit to Corfu. With Lieut.-Commander L. F. Merriman, the C.O. of the vessel, and Lord Louis Mountbatten, H.R.H. inspected H.M. Submarine *Oberon*



THE FAITH THAT MOVES MOUNTAINS: Pilgrims sheltering from the sun in the shade of an altar outside Lourdes Cathedral. It is by no means only the halt and the sick who make the pilgrimage

READY FOR THE "BLACK OUT": The steel mirror and the 85-ft. focus lens of the camera by which it is expected to obtain valuable records of the eclipse at Conway, New Hampshire. Mr. James Stokley of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, is seen with Mr. I. M. Levitt

OPENED FROM CANADA: Mr. J. H. Thomas, speaking from his office in Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, with Mr. R. Milward Ellis and Captain J. W. Barber, inaugurates the Radio Exhibition at Olympia at 10.32 a.m. Ottawa time (3.32 p.m. London time)

WITH WATKINS

WITH WATKINS AT WORK: Seal hunting at dawn — at a certain period of the year it is not difficult to shoot seal from the shore ice. Spring hunting is the most difficult. The seal is apt to slide into the water after being shot and thus will be lost

Just before the Air Route Mr. Watkins placed its by Eastern Greenland at The of pictures was made which which the second Exbedition given here are all from the actual photographic work wa

The news of the loss of Mr. H. G. Watkins, the leader of the second Greenland Air-Survey Expedition, as he had been of the first, came as a great shock to all those who have been following the brilliant work of this young Arctic explorer and his companions. It was on the 20th of last month that Mr. Watkins went out alone seal-hunting in a kayak, as part of the work of provisioning this second expedition, which set out from England about the middle of July last. His companions, Rymill and Chapman, were mapping from a motor-boat, when at 3 p.m. they discovered, in the middle of Lake Fjord, where the headquarters of the expedition are established, Mr. Watkins' kayak full of water. A paddle, was near by but the rifle and throwing-stick (for securing the seal) were missing. It is thought that the explorer was upset by a wave caused by a sudden fall of ice from an adjacent glacier, and was unable to right the kayak. He may have attempted to swim to shore from a neighbouring floe, through the intervening icy waters, and so met his death.

The young leader was engaged in the task of determining with greater precision the possibilities of an air route between England and Canada by way of the Faroes, Iceland, Greenland, Baffin Island, and Hudson's Bay to Winnipeg. The expeditions of 1930 and 1931 had been carried out with a degree of success which won for Mr. Watkins very high renown in geographical circles. Several journeys across the Ice Cap were undertaken and a large portion of the Eastern coastline of Greenland was successfully photographed from the air. The geological structure of the Eastern coast was fully studied and the meteorological conditions constantly observed.

The leader was convinced that it was necessary that his companions should be expert in the use of the kayak, in order that they might be able to hunt for food and thus live off the country like a native-born Eskimo. In his address to the Royal Geographical Society, he pointed out how: "In the winter and Spring it is a fairly easy matter to live by seal hunting and white men have learnt to do this quite successfully. In the summer it is much more difficult. It is practically impossible to get near a seal in a motor-boat or rowing-boat, and even if the seal is shot it will immediately sink and will be lost. The only way Eskimos get seals in the summer is with the kayaks and harpoons. We had been told that white men could never learn to use kayaks safely or hunt with them. But we did not see why it should not be possible for a white man to learn to use a kayak just as well as any Eskimo, or even better. Anyhow, we knew that we could not possibly do the coast journey unless we could learn to hunt seals."

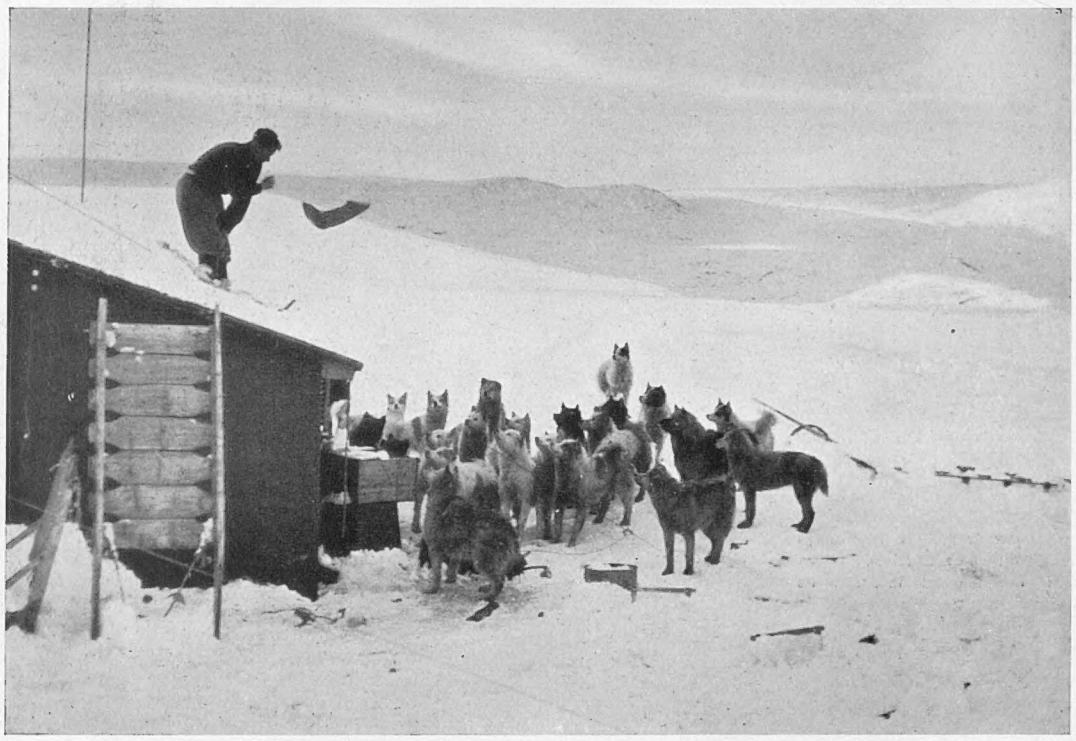
In view of what has just happened the following passage has a poignant interest.

"About 90 per cent. of the Angmagssalik Eskimo men end their lives by drowning in the kayaks through being overturned by an attacking seal or walrus, or by a wave. A kayak is a tight fit, and it is impossible to get in or out quickly. The sensible Eskimos have learnt a special trick which saves them if they are overturned. This trick is to roll right round with the kayak and come up the other side. About one in every four of the Angmagssalik men can do this. Once a man can do this roll with absolute certainty it means that he is safe to hunt alone, as he will be able to get up again if he is knocked over. I knew that I should have to hunt alone on the coast journey, and I saw that it would not be safe unless I could learn to roll the kayak. It turned out not to be as difficult as it looked, and eventually six of us learned to roll, and one or two of us learned to do it without the use of the paddle (with the hands only). This is much more difficult, and can only be done by a few Eskimos, but it is essential for safe kayaking, since the paddle might be lost in a fight with a seal; then, if you could not get up with the hands only, you would drown."

It must be remembered that Mr. Watkins was, as befits a leader, particularly expert in the management of a kayak, but that many dangers beset the seal-hunter is clear from the following passage:

"The head of the harpoon sticks in the blubber of the seal, and then it starts struggling

THE LOST LEA Watkins with in his



A MOMENT OF GREAT INTENSITY — FOOD TIME FOR THE HUSKIES: A member of the Expedition stands on the roof of the shed and flings down the food so that each section of the pack gets a fair chance in the scramble which ensues

DRIVING A SLEDGE OVER THE SEA ICE which rises and falls with the tide, forming what is known as the tide crack. Winter coastal travel was found to be much more difficult than travel on the Ice Cap at any time of the year

IN GREENLAND

Expedition started in July last vious photographic work in Sphere's disposal. A selection would illustrate the area in would work. The pictures records of the Expedition. The by Flight-Lt. I. Cozens, R.A.F.

WATKINS SEAL SHOOTING FROM A KAYAK: The late leader is seen seated on a kayak behind a white screen. A little turntable assists in accurate aim. A skin float is attached to the stern of the kayak. The Eskimo hunters use a white screen at times when approaching a seal

to try and get away, and will even try to attack the kayak. The Bladdernose seal will sometimes try to rip a hole in the underside of the kayak, and many Eskimos are killed in this way. The hunter holds the end of the harpoon line and tries to pull the seal in close enough to kill it with his lance. I once struggled with a seal for about one-and-a-half hours after I had harpooned it before I could get it close enough to lance it and kill it. This seal weighed over half-a-ton. During the whole journey I got seven seals and sixty-one birds in my kayak."

The first expedition was remarkable for the rescue of Mr. A. Courtauld from what was known as the Ice Cap station. Here at this elevated lonely spot one member of the expedition was to persist in the work of continuous meteorological observation. Mr. Watkins had stated before he left England that it might be necessary to leave one man alone in this way. He pointed out that the trappers of Labrador are often eight or nine months alone during their travels through much more difficult country than the Greenland Ice Cap presents. He maintained that nothing ever went wrong with these men through being alone—a solitary passenger was more efficient than with a companion. It was Mr. Watkins himself who led the expedition who rescued Courtauld from his completely snowed-up house at the station.

In the early days of July, shortly before the second expedition left England, Mr. Watkins had caused to be prepared for THE SPHERE a set of illustrations given here. All the pictures illustrate the area which the second expedition covered, and with helpful courtesy Mr. Watkins drew attention to his plans for 1932 and 1933. These were embodied in a copyright article which appeared in *The Times*—and by the courtesy of the Editor of that journal we are enabled to quote from Mr. Watkins' notes here:

ER—Mr. H. Gino paddle of kayak hands

"The advantages of the Arctic Route are many. There are no long sea crossings, the weather in most parts of the Arctic is more stable than in Europe, and, lastly, owing to the shape of the world, the Arctic route is the shortest between England and Central North America.

"Our investigations showed that there is no reason why an air route should not pass over Greenland, but that before it could be safely established more work would have to be done on the east coast. During summer conditions on the coast and on the Ice Cap are ideal for flying, and there is practically no fog or wind. During the winter, however, there are bad blizzards. We found that these blizzards are very local, and we came to the conclusion that if two alternative bases were established about 100 miles apart on the east coast air mail traffic could fly to one or other of them practically every day in the year. We found two places which appear to be very suitable for these bases. One is on the edge of the Ice Plateau not far from the main East Greenland settlement of Angmagssalik, the other is about 100 miles up the coast at a place which we named Lake Fjord. It seems very unlikely that these two places ever get blizzards at the same time.

"For transport we are going to use two 20-ft. motor-boats towing large Eskimo skin boats. This journey will have to be done several times, since we cannot carry a very large load. Even so, owing to the weight of scientific instruments we shall not be able to take a house or a large quantity of European food, so that we shall have to live for a year as Eskimos. That is to say, we shall have to build a house of stone and earth, and will have to depend for our food largely on hunting seals and polar bears, and on fishing. The skins of the animals will be used for our boats and clothes, and the fat will be used as fuel for heating our house and for cooking.

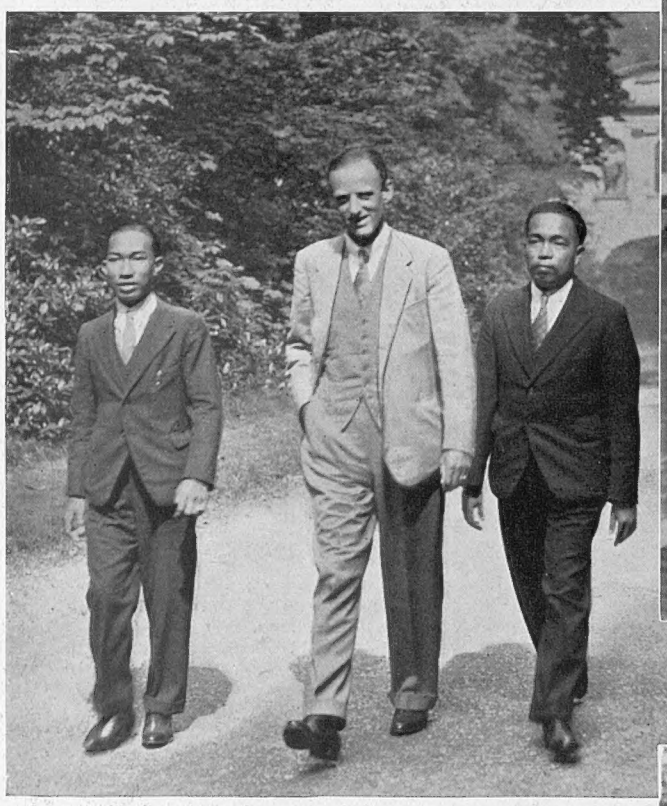
"Apart from our meteorological observations and survey work on the coast we have several journeys planned to map the country. We hope to do one journey up the outside edge of the Ice Plateau in the direction of the high range of mountains which we discovered last year."

What the expedition, so suddenly bereft of its leader, will do now is eagerly awaited in geographical circles. In the meantime, appreciations of Gino Watkins continue.

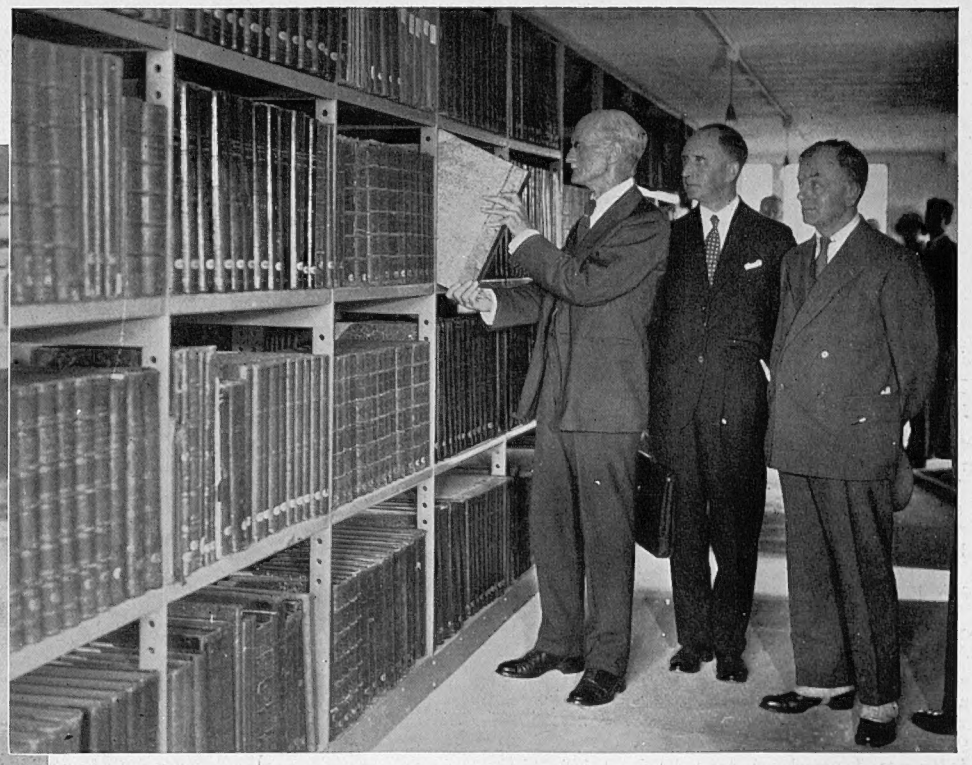
THE MAKING OF A KAYAK—THE ESKIMO FAMILY AT WORK: Two Nanooks are actively at work on the timber framework while the wife and child stand by. The canoe is about 19 ft. long and covered with waterproof sealskin

TO BE CLIMBED IF POSSIBLE BY THE EXPEDITION: The highest point in the Arctic is this, Mount Forel, already nearly climbed on the previous Expedition. The peak rises to about 11,000 ft. in a district about 100 miles north of the Expedition's base

CURRENT NEWS

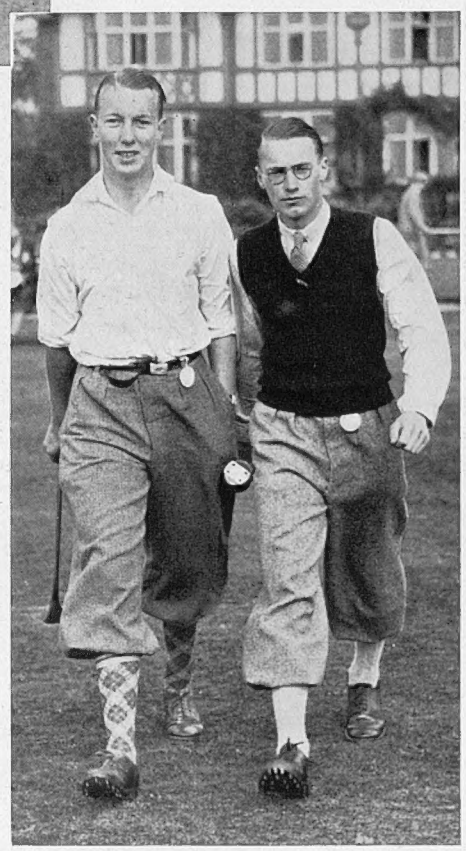


THE BOY SULTAN: Ahmed Tajudin the nineteen-year-old Sultan of Brunei (Borneo) is staying in Hertfordshire, having come to England to complete his education. He is seen with Mr. W. F. De Vere Skrine of the Sarawak Civil Service, and his tutor, Mr. Pengiran Basar



THE BRITISH MUSEUM NEWSPAPER ANNEXE has just been opened at Colindale. The new annexe contains 1,900 tons of newspapers and books. It was opened by Professor Gilbert Murray, one of the trustees of the great institution. Professor Murray, one of Britain's greatest scholars, is seen browsing happily among the volumes after the ceremony

THE PREPARATION FOR THE RETURN: Captain Mollison (centre) with two mechanics (W. R. Calder and W. Rinaldo) overhauls the engine of *The Heart's Content* in Roosevelt Field preparatory to the intrepid ace's West-East flight



BOY'S GOLF AT ST. ANNES: D. S. Wemyss, who, 6 down at the turn and 7 down at the 10th against his opponent, W. L. Dale, yet contrived to win at the 19th, seen (extreme left) with his third round victim, J. T. Morgan; and Jean Boucheron of France with Reginald Malding (extreme right) whom he beat 10 and 8 in the first round. An all-Scottish final was won by I. S. Macdonald

THE DEPOSITION (FOR EIGHT MONTHS ONLY) OF "WILLOW, THE KING": The opening of the football season drew its usual crowds, despite the sweltering weather of last week-end. The match recorded above is that between Millwall and Southampton (whose goal is seen sustaining attack) at the Den

NOT THE SOUTH OF FRANCE BUT THE EAST OF ENGLAND: All the atmosphere of Continental Carnival—fancy dress, air balloons, jesters' bladders—filled the streets of Southend-on-Sea during the past week, for the town has been *en fête*. To-morrow sees the famous Drumhead Service at Chalkwell Park. The carnival is the biggest in the country

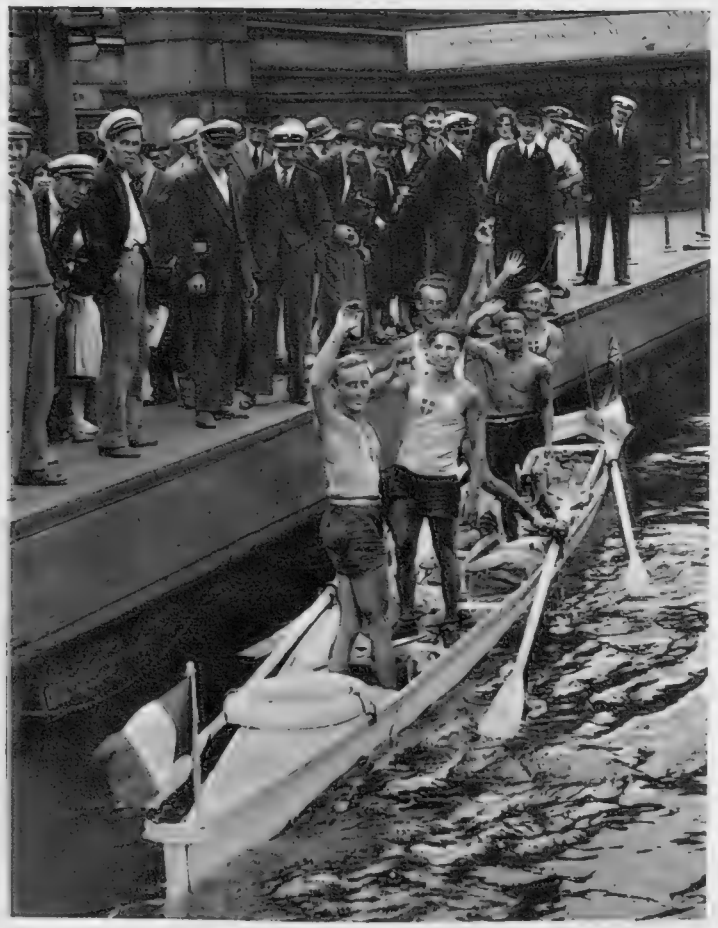
METROPOLITAN MOMENTS

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS: The famous gateway at West India Dock is to be removed owing to the demands of traffic. The Port of London Authority will endeavour to preserve the gate with its large scale model of the *Hibbert*

PENGUINS FOR PETS: A little excitement in Tottenham Court Road when a few penguins escaped from a consignment sent from Dassen Island, Cape Town, to London. For £25 per pair they may be purchased as pets that make up in quaintness what they lack in grace

NOT TRAFALGAR SQUARE BUT HOLBORN: Traffic was impeded not only by the Underground Railway workings, but by a 30 ft. cascade which deluged the roadway—the result of a burst main. It naturally occurred during the rush hour!

A NOVEL VESSEL: A 50-ton steam accumulator, shaped somewhat like a submarine, which was towed by a tug from Glasgow to London. 42 ft. long, it was fitted with port and starboard lights. The gigantic cross in appearance between a submarine and a Zeppelin is made to withstand a pressure of 160 lbs. to the square inch



"*VIVERE PERICOLOSAMENTE*" is the motto as well as the name of the boat of four Italian students who made their way from Pavia through Maggiore, up the Rhine and canals to Antwerp, Calais, and London, and are now Oxford bound

BRIDGES OF CHINA

SPANNING A WATERFALL: The stone pavilion in the middle of the stone bridge over the Tengueh waterfall, Yunnan. Bridges of many varieties may be seen in Yunnan from a two-arched structure with a stove for burning printed paper, as the Chinese *literati* venerate print, to a span washed away every rainy season and rebuilt every cold one

THE ROADWAY OF THE SHUNG LUNG BRIDGE: In the middle of the planks other boards are laid endways to prevent mules slipping in wet weather. The sweep of the bridge recalls an Oriental Clifton!

A ROOFED TIMBER BRIDGE constructed on the cantilever principle with heavy timbers protruding over the river firmly fixed in the bank and supported beneath by props

HSIANG YANG CHIAO BRIDGE over the Upper Shweli in Western Yunnan. The bridge is partly cantilever (heavy timber props firmly fixed in the bank protruding at an upward angle over the stream from each bank and supported by poles underneath) and partly suspension

TWO-ARCHED: A bridge in Yunnan on which is a stone stove where printed paper is burned that it may not be defiled

BUILT ANNUALLY! The bridge which is built every cold season over the Shweli at Nhamkan as it is swept away during the rain

Yunnan, China's south-western province, is, especially in the north-west where it marches with Burma, a country of lofty mountains furrowed by deep valleys and ravines, through which flow innumerable rivers and streams which, during the summer rains, turn into raging torrents. Roads for wheeled traffic there are none, and all traffic is on pony or mule-back, save in the wildest districts where even animals cannot penetrate and all goods are carried on men's backs. Many of these rivers are unbridgeable, especially during the rains, and there fords or ferries are the sole means of crossing, but wherever possible and where traffic is sufficient to merit it, bridges are built.

Firstly may be noted the simple bridge of two or three rough, untrimmed logs negotiable by foot-passengers only, animals having to ford the stream. Then, the "monkey" bridges of the uncivilized jungle tribes, formed of lianas and bamboos; they are usually constructed V-shaped, with the tread a single bamboo only, and sway ominously as one tries to cross, a process that needs a strong head.

Over the Upper Salween and Mekong rivers, where such bridges cannot be constructed owing to their width, rope bridges are found. A thick rope of twisted bamboo is stretched across the river; a small piece of wood, hollowed out to fit it, is placed on the rope; to this wood the traveller or mule or baggage is tied by leather thongs, and the near side of the rope being higher than the far, flies across the river with express speed directly the carrier is released. At each crossing two ropes are naturally necessary, one to cross each way.

In more civilized regions are to be found solid stone camel-backed bridges with one, two, or three arches, the pillars of the bridge being built like a boat's prow, to offer as little resistance as possible to the stream.

Wooden bridges are also common, many being constructed on the cantilever pattern. On each bank is a pier of stone out of which wooden beams or props protrude upwards at an angle over the river, supported by posts below and also by iron chains above. A wooden pathway is laid on huge beams which rest on and join the ends of the props from one side to those from the other. Most of these wooden bridges are roofed in to preserve the timbers from rot.

But the most famous of the bridges of Yunnan are the iron chain suspension bridges. The chains, ten, twelve or more in number and of massive wrought-iron links, are solidly embedded in piers of stone on each side of the river, and on these chains planks are laid to form the roadway. Although they sway considerably when one crosses them they are strong, and loaded animals cross them in safety. In certain cases, where the river is very wide, advantage is taken of a rocky island in the middle of the stream, and two separate bridges constructed from the island to either bank. Some of these suspension bridges are practically 100 yards long, and owing to the sagging of the chains necessitate quite a climb up on the far side.

In the Shan States, both in Yunnan and Burma, bridges are made wholly of bamboo tied together without a nail in the construction. Bamboo stakes are driven into the river bed, and on them is laid a roadway of bamboo; some of these bridges are over 100 yards in length, and though usually washed away each summer by the floods, and requiring to be rebuilt each year, will withstand heavy motor traffic.

B. C.

FASHION FLOUTED

The widespread resolve of German women to be fashionable happily has not penetrated to the Black Forest. The women and girls of that conservative region, where modern ideas make little headway against century-old customs and traditions, preserve their national headdresses and embroidered petticoats with the tenacity peculiar to the inhabitants of more or less remote mountain pastures and half-hidden valleys. In custom they are equally conservative, and the peasants of certain valleys are still scandalized when any daring member of their young folk seeks a wife even among one of the neighbouring valleys.

On Sunday mornings, market days, or on such occasion for festivities as special saints' days and weddings, the women and maidens of the Black Forest hamlets wear their richly embroidered velvet and satin costumes with elaborate, be-ribboned bonnets; and although the prevailing colours are sombre, the designs impart a delightful air of medievalism to half-timbered villages and churches with candle-extinguisher towers. On Confirmation days it is the prettiest sight in the world to see these grave, costumed women, with their plumes and ribbons, their beaded corselets and flowered pinafores, leading white-veiled and garlanded little daughters to the church, solemn fathers trooping along behind in tail-coats and breeches.

The costume of each valley is distinct, and at any of the big Black Forest fairs it is possible to tell, from the head-dress alone, where each peasant has come from. The retention of these traditional costumes is most marked in the Southern Black Forest, which is even less in touch with the outside world than the Northern part, and which, with its timbered, Tudoresque farmhouses, white-washed villages, and little Gothic towns in which such crafts as basket-weaving and wood-carving are still important, is a lovely background to the dress of several centuries ago.

A great occasion in which, of course, costume plays a vivid part, is a country wedding. I was privileged to attend one of these at Furtwangen, where the local festival costume looks something like the national dress of Wales. Perhaps that is why Mr. Lloyd George, who visited Furtwangen a couple of years ago, looked very much at home among the group of costumed maidens with whom he was photographed. At such weddings the bride has a special headdress which varies with each valley, and the guests liven up the sombre character of their costumes with pretty shawls and embroideries. The eating and drinking which follow (and for which each guest pays his own share) and the country dances in the courtyard of the inn are done with immense gusto in spite of towering headgear and voluminous petticoats.

Some of the prettiest costumes are those peculiar to Gutach; and so they should be. Gutach is a little fairy village below Triberg, and its church parade on Sunday morning makes Stanhope Gate look positively dowdy. Every woman and maiden of the village, and for a few miles along the wonderful Gutach Valley, is dressed for that occasion in the rich costume which has been traditional to the neighbourhood for hundreds of years; and to appear among the blossoming lanes of Gutach, on Sunday morning, in anything resembling ordinary workaday clothes is to stamp yourself a barbarous outsider.

Although the initial expense of such costumes is high, it works out very cheaply in the long run, and husbands of the Black Forest have very little to complain about on that score. Once made, a Black Forest costume lasts not one lifetime but several.

R. E.

THE MODE OF GUTACH: The headdress seen above is characteristic of the little village near Triberg, the church parade of which makes Hyde Park look positively dowdy. This fashion obtains in the valley adjacent to the village, but it is worn only on fête days and Sundays

A TYPE OF VILLINGEN: A wonderful old head crowned by a wonderful old headdress

THE HEADDRESS OF GUTACH is in two parts, that seen on the left worn over that seen in this picture

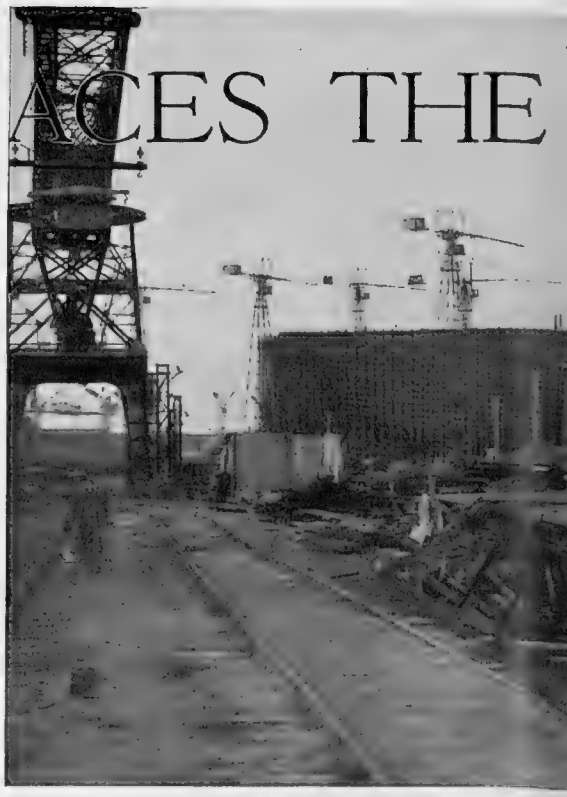
A MATRON of the Oberrentersbach near Zell in the Black Forest—whose costume is exotic in the extreme

THE VILLAGERS OF VILLINGEN are identifiable by this extraordinary type of headdress. The clothes of the Black Forest last more than one lifetime

FESTIVAL COSTUME peculiar to the Einbach Tal, near Hansach in the Black Forest. The embroidered aprons, the heavy silken shawls and their embroidered bands, and, above all, the fantastic headdresses render the women of this area some of the most arresting in Europe

FRANCE FACES THE

Something is Rotten in the State of Bullion, as France, No Longer Prosperous, is Discovering to Her Cost—A Frank Discussion of the Problems M. Herriot has to Face



THE SUPER *ILE DE FRANCE* AT ST. NAZAIRE:

France is spending £240,000 more each day than comes into the national till. It cannot go on. But how is it going to be stopped? You may say, in preliminary answer, that the French just a year later are having to face up to what we had to tackle in August, 1931, under the doubt of nearly all the world.

The French have got to save the franc again. It is plainly threatened this autumn and winter. The very typing of such an assertion sounds absurd. The *franc* in danger! Why, I remember writing in these pages less than a year ago an article called "Not Since Bonaparte," and in which was set forth the astounding world supremacy France had suddenly acquired through Anglo-American weakening. How rudely the franc rang then; how very rudely!

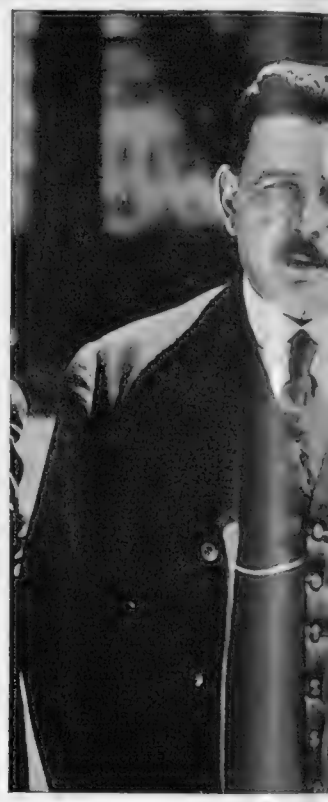
Nevertheless, what is, is; swoop, the French are now down in the trough—or rapidly approaching that way. Nor is the circumstance any longer denied in responsible or unpurchased quarters, however bitter the realization. The general notion was, of course, that Poincaré had saved the franc once for all. He seems only to have saved it for a very small number of years—three or four. And any sacrifices made by the taxpayer and consumer during 1926–27, when the little Lorrainer was dictating to a slapped country from the rue de Rivoli, are certain to be most painfully surpassed upon the present occasion, for the reason that Poincaré was operating during boom times, whereas now, all about, is le marasme.

All in all, it is an extraordinary tale. Of an Aladdin's cave beneath the heart of Paris. And of a country heading towards financial—? Yesterday I turned down the rue de la Vrillière to look at the cave in order to gain inspiration for this article. Alas! all I received were emotions which bred a reprehensible cynicism. Down below there, a few yards from me, lay £600,000,000 of as good as unfunctioning gold bars guarded by flooding and yard-thick steel doors and wondrous electrical gadgets and trusty ones armed with gas and grenades. And Paris continued overhead. Capital of a country in real financial peril, whose cost of living must be the highest in the West, wherein trade, commerce, industry are simply flopping, whose shares have become "insecurities" for the most part and in which, throughout the land, nobody seems to have a sou to spare, and where everyone is complaining of the vampires who sell to them. Most decidedly something is rotten in the State of Bullion. If you doubt it, visit France!

Swiftly tracing contributing events, the Republic had, in 1930, a surplus of £160,000,000. Monsieur Tardieu—who for the good of France has vanished and should only come back in the event of war—had the handling of this unique nest-egg. He handled it. He behaved as if the good times, in which then alone France still bathed, were going on for ever. No Ford ever outdid him in chasing the prosperity myth. He did in the whole lot, and then some, in the course of the succeeding eighteen months, in addition, naturally, to spending the revenue collected for that period. Banks, railways, shipping companies had only to ask and they received whacking Government subsidies; loans went out for the arming of the satellite countries; the famous frontier fortifications were put in train "regardless"; the Service budgets were permitted to soar to the dizzy height it is now sought to shift them from; there was a most gratifying reduction in taxation, entirely precipitate; even Poincaré's economies of administration were not allowed to stand. Everything was so rosy. The very functionaries, that French bureaucratic plague nearly a million strong, and whom you see tripping over one another in post offices, five people doing one person's job, received all-round increases (they were underpaid, by other standards, but nearly all are able to do outside work, while husbands and wives abound).

Briefly, when Herriot recently came in, there remained precisely £560,000 in the national exchequer. Actually, that was non-existent, and by a mighty long way, since, under the Tardieu regime, debts had already begun to pile up. The rapporteur of the Senate Finance Committee estimated Tardieu debts bequeathed to Herriot at £22,000,000 for 1930–31, and at just on £40,000,000 for 1931–32. This money has now got to be found, and, rightly, Herriot declares he begins taking responsibility only from the 1933 budget onwards, when he faces a deficit of £64,000,000 (all figures are at par throughout). Jointly, here is a total deficit of £126,000,000 to be met at once if budgets are to be balanced, and without that, as the rapporteur observes, a crisis of the franc is inevitable.

M. CAILLAUX, one of the only born financial experts in France. He does not hold office, but his advice may be requisitioned by the Premier. Caillaux is one of the rare Frenchmen who understand the wise spending of money



AT THE HELM: M. Herriot, whose Internationalism, but a Poin from the franc—compared to were a

None of this exaggerated expenditure was warranted by the situation. Much of it was undertaken when there was an immense trade balance against France of £100,000,000 annually, and while it was manifest to all that taxation yields would be less and less. A lot of tommy-rot is talked about French money genius. They know how to *collect* coin, but they don't know what to *do* with money—save a few born experts like Caillaux. The rest are going to the Economic and Financial Conference very much as pupils, believe me, as the result of recent events.

I shall step aside here with a diversion. When the other day in England the National Government was freely criticized for my benefit, I know this: that with the end of reparations, the conversion, Ottawa results, and leadership at the forthcoming World Conference, the prestige of no other British Government has stood so high on the Continent since 1919. I know we are well and truly still in the wood domestically; that does not alter what I have written, and nowhere does the fact stand out more than in France, usually keenest and most jealous of critics, angered at how the sacré'd Anglais manage to put things over.

But now? The admiration that one reads quite takes the breath away at times. Admiration for our finances. A year ago the Paris Press sang a dirge with small concealment of glee. We were finished. Empire rotting to bits, pound gone phut. The tune to-day is this: "The British have a patriotism of the caisse which we French might do well to try and emulate. They showed it during the War, and now they have shown it again with the conversion."

THE MINT hard by the Pont Neuf where the coinage of France is struck. The "Aladdin's cave," where £600,000,000 is kept in vaults behind yard-thick steel doors and special flooding devices, and guarded by gas and grenades and electricity, is in the rue de la Vrillière, but no single ingot of that money is sent to the Faubourg Saint-Germain for coining; it rests, once an asset and now developing into something of a liability, a frozen incubus on the shoulders of the country

Before proceeding to what Herriot hopes to do in order to undo at least a measure of the ill left by his predecessor, and thereby pilot the franc at any rate through the World Conference, vital requisite, it might be as well to set down one or two necessary facts.

The value of overseas trade has decreased by 36 per cent. in the last six months. The figures show a decrease of over £63,000,000 beside 1931 in regard to imports, and of £48,000,000 in regard to exports. The greater shrinkage of imports is due to the quota system. Treasury revenue is £24,000,000 down for the same period. Receipts from invisible exports and services are right down, as is also "le tourisme," which used to bring in over £100,000,000 a year as the fifth industry of the State and is now not expected to hook a quarter of that figure. To tell the honest truth, one must look farther than the world slump, in France's case, to account for her present predicament.

One way or the other, she has made herself distinctly unpopular, with the result that many countries are quite plainly boycotting her and her products regardless of business or other considerations. One could cite an eloquent list, with Germany, Italy, and the United States in the van. It is evident that before prosperity returns to France she will have to fall in more with what other people think about things in general. But to proceed:—

Bourse losses have been such as to cause a vast number of people to realize their funds and put them in the stocking, as the saying goes. Kreuger was the final straw, and to-day it is said that as much as £400,000,000 is lying idle, "thésaurisés." A "savings strike" is said to be on.

The railways are losing £80,000 a day and are each month putting out fresh £10,000,000 loans at as high a rate as 6 per cent.

GREAT PENANCE

By FERDINAND TUOHY

Unwanted, prohibitive, she is still under construction to save unemployment of 5,000 men

task to-day is not Socialism nor caré job to save an imminent flight which the labours of Hercules bagatelle!

M. GERMAIN-MARTIN, Finance Minister of the Herriot Cabinet. He, Caillaux, and Palmade of the Budget form three potential "saviours" of the franc under the Herriot regime, all of whom (for the moment at least) are in close co-operation

So what is Herriot going to do to stave off another collapse of the franc? Can Herriot do it? Or will they throw him forth, as in the past, directly he attempts something unappetizing to industry and high finance and the great bourgeois class of rentiers? Will they try and get Poincaré back, poor, limping, limp-armed old man? To save yet another franc—his very presence, doing nil, must encompass the miracle!

What France's famous rentiers will or will not do for their country we shall shortly see when they will be invited to agree to a conversion of £640,000,000, and which, all going well, should relieve the Treasury to the extent of £8,000,000 a year. Unfortunately the moment is unfavourable, and Caillaux has great fears, but much depends on the rentiers. Will they claim their funds and put them in railway loans paying 6 per cent.? Or will they follow good old perfidious Albion and play the game? That is question No. 1 for Monsieur Herriot and much will depend upon the answer, in the national morale line.

But what is £8,000,000 with France in her present plight? What else may be on the tapis in this second fight to save the franc? Well, for certain, this: no more loans of any kind to satellite lands. And this: the flotation of a Government loan of some description. Deplorable finance, yet unavoidable in view of the hugeness of the deficit to be met. And this: a pension funding scheme spreading this ever-growing civil and war liability over a succeeding generation. And this: applying of the screw in revenue collection and a compression of expenditure in every sphere where this is possible without wrecking matters. For instance, the functionaries, a million strong, won't hear of a proposed general 5 per cent. wage reduction. They threaten direct action if the thing goes through and, oh! happy world, in this they are supported both by the reactionary Right and by the Socialist Left, so Herriot, in the centre, can't touch a functionary. Yet how one would like to!

Herriot is also expected to reduce the cavalry to vanishing point and to cut out all martial spectacle. Herriot is freely being invited to "brave unpopularity," yet many have doubts if he has enough fibre. He certainly has the opportunity as none has ever had before him. You see, one of his difficulties is that while all are agreed that the big penance is at hand, everyone wants the other person to do the penance, and that is liable to make things difficult. Herriot is fairly certain to join issue with the spendthrift public services which, in his own words, "demand complete freedom of action when things are going well and come round begging for loans when things slump." He intends initiating a tighter control. (I should mention that Caillaux is the real man behind the financial scene, as head of the Senate Finance Committee and a Finance Minister under Waldeck-Rousseau.)

Herriot-Caillaux, to whom should be added a third would-be "saviour" in Palmade of the Budget, and a fourth, perhaps, in Germain-Martin, who is Finance Minister . . . This quartette of would-be saviours also intend to table legislation for the protection of rentiers who no longer have confidence in anything, Bourse or bank. Chartered accountants are to be introduced and prospectuses officially checked. A "gendarme de l'épargne" is to be conjured up.

Budget expenditure is up by £136,000,000 on ten years ago, and this without any "cancer of the dole" which sent our figure soaring. Officially, there are only 350,000 unemployed receiving relief in France, but that is because it is so hard to get relief and also because people don't like applying for it. Why? How can they avoid doing so? Because during the boom decade which ended last year everybody saved and the unemployed are kept at home, a home in family ownership nearly always. This can be the better done in that 21,000,000 of the population remain rural as against 20,000,000 urban.

There is no unemployment on the land; in fact, out-of-work miners, textile operatives, heavy industry hands, and even the shipbuilding trade, are trickling back to the fields where they haven't become too town-bitten. France is also scoring, despite her industrial and trade stagnation, because her population has remained at about 40,000,000 ever since 1890, whereas in the same span ours has increased by 10,000,000. I am aware there are people who would wish the figure had been 20,000,000, and I think they should be in lunatic asylums.

Actually, there are about 2,500,000 without work or very rarely working in France. The highest dole, for a family of five children and over, is 35s. a week. The mayor pays out in each commune and he varies the dole according to the cost of living locally (cheap in the Centre and West, dear in Paris, the North and the South). Latterly the Government has had to provide more and more towards mayoral funds.

I shall conclude this angle by mentioning that all manner of extravagance still prevails even at this ultimate hour. The building of the unwanted super Ile-de-France is proceeding at St. Nazaire because it gives work to 5,000 locally. Naval and military programmes are being continued partly for the same reason, and thus far it has only been possible to chop a puny £15,000,000 from this particular budget. General Weygand is said to go about with a resignation letter ever in his pocket, and he does count such a lot. The railways speak for themselves. The Aeropostale costs a mint of money. Above all it is not possible to sack a single functionary, even from among those gratuitously taken on by Tardieu when he was always of such bonne humeur in his squandermania days. If England had this functionary plague . . . but why not rejoice, for a change, over something we definitely have not got?

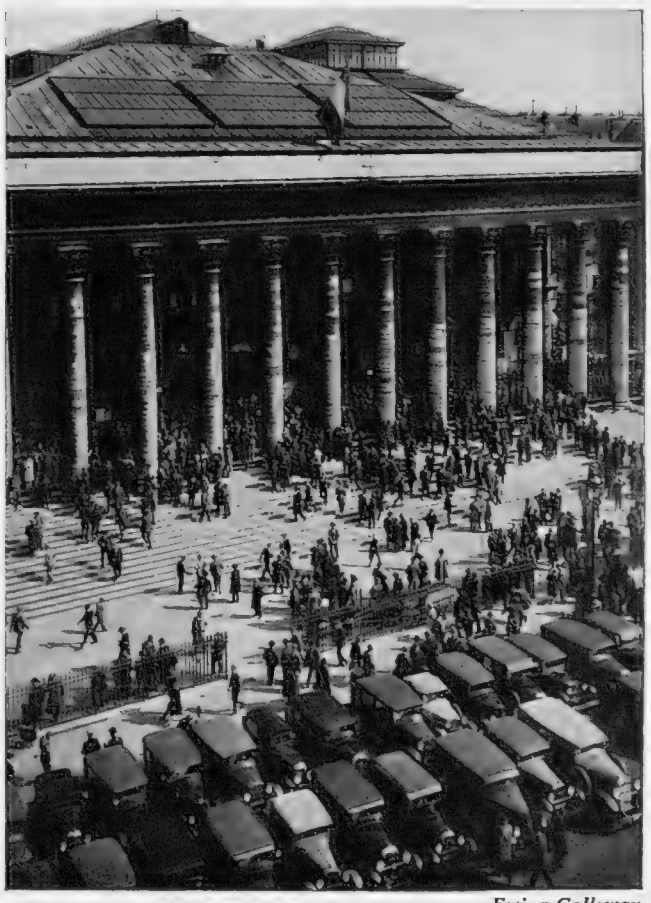
Whether new taxes will be imposed is the outstanding question. A majority view is that it is impossible and would work more harm than good, yet the French have certainly not reached our point of taxation. A lot will depend on how much the four saviours can save by lopping off every conceivable item of expenditure. A trouble is that Herriot has not a national mandate like our Prime Minister had. He will find it infinitely more difficult to tax and to cut—and to stay on. I do think, though, that he may rise, out of sheer necessity, to further reduction on the army.

He is also said to be determined that there shall be no second flight from the franc under his regime, whatever he does, and to have legislation ready to launch at the first sign of such exodus. Almost the first thing he had to do this time was to inflate by £16,000,000, and inflation is still anathema to orthodox finance, led by the deflationist of the rue de Rivoli (Finance Ministry), however much the populace may talk gaily of a forthcoming franc at 200 to the pound. For they do talk like that, and an eventual inflation, should things go all wrong and come to the brink of disaster, must not be ruled out.

Herriot's task, in essence, is to put the franc right with world prices and to balance the budget, else there is going to be another crisis of the franc, and we are going to hear all about it, even as in the past. Our fault, for going off the gold standard, that kind of thing. So be prepared. Meanwhile, pending this winter's dénouement, it is satisfactory to observe that the French are not so certain about their gold-hoarding and that they are noting (a) that a country off the gold standard has greater credit than gold countries, and that (b) America is engaged on a colossal camouflaged inflation almost on a par with slipping off said standard. Frenchmen are even beginning to whisper the word "partitioning" in regard to the contents of Aladdin's cave afore-mentioned. And what a step forward that is!

Necessity orders. Through rank bad management, through obstinate pursuit of a false and enemy-making policy despite sound and friendly counsel, through—what will you—inherent failings, the French are coming up against a worse predicament than that in which we were landed a year since. Just the same kind of problems that threatened us, menace them. For instance, the dole had to be cut in order to give investors confidence. In France there is a like demand that the State employees' emoluments shall be cut before high finance and the rentiers and industrialists gain similar confidence—essential prelude to real support of any Government loan. More than this, in the background stand the over-glorified conscripts of famous years threatening direct action through their unions if *their* pensions and rewards are touched.

Reducing a Frenchman is far harder than reducing an Englishman. How comparatively in clover was Mr. MacDonald! How M. Herriot must be finding foreign policy almost a holiday beside being a saviour of the franc!



Ewing Galloway

THE BOURSE, steady losses on which for some time have caused vast numbers to put their funds "in the stocking"—a nation-wide example of the psychology expressed, governmentally, in the eloquent silence of the heavily-guarded frozen gold of the rue de la Vrillière. Since the Kreuger crash, even more money has been thus tied up

THE BEAUTY OF ENGLAND'S COUNTRYSIDE

A PALETTE REFLECTION

An exquisite picture taken from the archway of a bridge over the canal between Boxmoor and Rickmansworth. The picture in form looks like an artist's palette, and in beauty like the product of one

A FLOCK OF SHEEP

The traditional and proverbial habit of sheep to follow the leader is well exemplified in this heat-wave study at Imber on Salisbury Plain, where they are making their way to a dew pond. So hot was the weather that many enjoyed a voluntary dip —a rarity in ovine life as sheep-dippers know to their sorrow!

PERSONALITIES in the PUBLIC EYE

SOCIETY AT NORTH BERWICK: Captain O'Brien, who married Lord Haddington's sister, with Mr. and Mrs. Needham of Tattersalls; Miss Aline de Greensbourg, the daughter of the distinguished French financier, Baron Pierre de Greensbourg; Miss Martha Magrane of New York, playing a shot by the sea; and Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Guy Neumann. Mr. Neumann is the brother of Sir Cecil Neumann, Bart.; the Hon. Mrs. Neumann is the daughter of General Lord Loch

BETROTHED: Mr. Alec Waugh, the novelist, and Miss Joan Chirnside of Australia, whose engagement is announced

A FOURSOME AT NAIRN: Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Miss Ishbel MacDonald, Mrs. Whitelaw, and Sir Alexander Grant enjoy a little relaxation. Sir Alexander Grant has for many years been a close friend of the Premier, and it was he who endowed him with a considerable capital some years ago

IN CHURCH STREET, CHELSEA: Mr. John Amery and Miss Una Wing, whose attempts to get married have fluttered the dovecotes

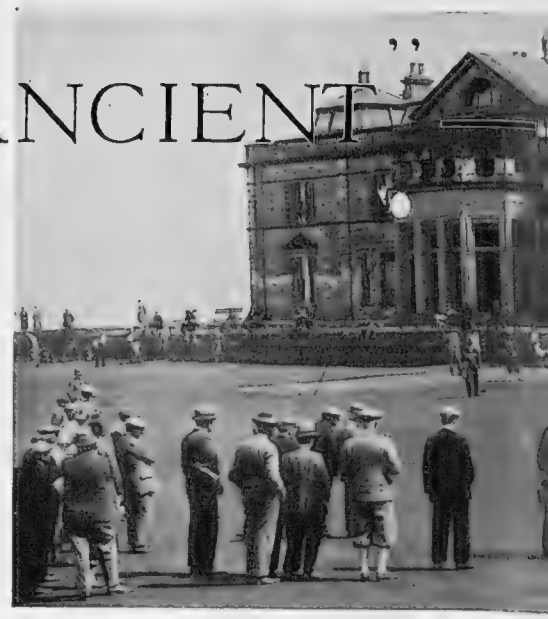
VICTIMS OF A PARENTAL VETO: Mr. John Amery, the son of Mr. L. S. Amery, the Imperialist ex-Cabinet Minister, and his fiancée, Miss Una Wing. Their marriage in London was stopped by the intervention of the would-be groom's uncle, Lord Greenwood, with whose objection Mr. L. S. Amery, who is now in Canada, concurred, and for which he expressed his gratitude. Mr. John Amery and Miss Wing then left for Paris, but discovered that red tape was even more inextricable in France than in Britain. They are thinking, it is said, of making for Latvia or Russia, where formalities are at a discount. Mr. John Amery is associated with the film world, in which Miss Wing is also engaged. Despite protestations of affection for his father, Mr. Amery has stated his intention to proceed with the marriage at all costs. This picture shows Mr. Amery and Miss Wing in Paris. Thence they went to Biarritz with the hope of being married in Portugal

IN PARIS: Mr. Amery and Miss Wing outside the Café de la Paix. They went to Paris, but found the barriers to marriage more insuperable even than in London

A DRIVING MACHINE which drives farther but not so straight as a skilled golfer. It was invented to test the carrying power of golf balls of different periods

"ROYAL AND ANCIENT"

The Amazing and Increasing Popularity of Golf Regarded from the Historical, Progressive, and the Financial Points of View



THE G.H.Q. OF GOLF: The eighteenth green and

Golf is at once the oldest British outdoor game and the most popular. True, people used to play football even earlier than the fifteenth century, but from contemporary accounts it was more a licensed brawl than anything else. To-day there are at least 600,000 golfers in the country, and these numbers are increasing rapidly. Every year 9,000,000 golf balls are manufactured in Great Britain, together with 350,000 golf clubs. So rapid, however, has the increase in public interest been in the last twenty years that, to give an example, Mr. Francis Markes had seriously to consider in 1909 whether golf, as far as the Londoner was concerned, might not turn out to be a temporary craze, like roller skating, before he formed his company and laid out Sandy Lodge Golf Club.

This seems almost incredible to-day, unless you remember to what a very large extent the late Lord Balfour was responsible for introducing golf to the South. The number of leading English golf clubs which were founded before 1893 amounts to less than two dozen. To-day there are 2,000 courses in Great Britain, and their numbers are being increased every year. In order to attract the visitor, moreover, they are springing up all over the Continent. Already there are fifty in Germany, and they are to be found in Greece and Sicily and Hungary as well, not to mention France, Switzerland, Sweden, Spain, and Italy.

It would be difficult to say how much money is invested in golf and all its appurtenances, but it must run into several million pounds in England alone, and every year the game becomes more expensive, or so it seems, and more people play it. Quite true that the 2s. 6d. ball has descended in price to 2s., and the drop in membership this year of the various clubs must average anything between thirty and sixty per club. But the municipal courses are growing more and more crowded, and every intelligent sports goods manufacturer annually thinks out new, entrancing, but expensive ways of separating us from our money.

At the present minute there are more than twenty-five different kinds of steel putters on the market, in addition to eight of the aluminium variety and four wooden ones and the brass ones. Golfers, it is true, are unusually eager to sample any new-fangled putter. They rush in their thousands to buy one exactly modelled on Bobby Jones's famous weapon, Calamity Jane, right down to the three bits of binding on the shaft—so faithful is the likeness. In a few days' time they will be besieging the professionals and the sports outfitters for the new paintless Spalding golf ball which came on the market on September 1. In a month or two, if Dunlop's consider the experiment successful, they will be buying putters with heads made of compressed rubber by this firm. No doubt the Silver King people and other manufacturers have something up their sleeves as well.

That, of course, is why golf is so immensely popular and so utterly certain of extending its grip on the public every year. It is so full of life and full of developments, and even the decisions of the St. Andrews Committee together with all the rules of golf cannot cover anything like all the things that can happen to you in a round.

Other reasons for its certain increase in popularity are that, besides being an excellent medium of betting, it can be played all the year round, it takes one out into the fresh air, it can be played under any conditions except snow and fog. It affords endless opportunities for argument, boasting, querulity, and post-mortem discussions and, above all, it is the only ball game where you cannot interfere with your opponent's play, unless you lay him a stymie.

Golf needs no panegyrics from me, though. Nor need one waste time explaining that it is no longer an old man's game, if it ever was one. What is interesting, though, is to trace its development and its effect on people. It was only thirty-one years ago that the first £100 prize was offered to golfers. This was at the Machrie Tournament. In 1931 the prize money at the Southport Tournament was no less than £1,575.

As far as side bets are concerned, nothing I suppose has equalled the match between Lord Kennedy and Mr. Cruickshanks in 1868 for the freak bet of £500 a hole. But in 1926 the stake money in a match between Hagen and Mitchell was £1,000, and in the boom years of 1928 and 1929 some very high wagers were played for—frequently by very bad players—at several courses near London. To-day caddies will tell you that it is rare for golfers to play for more than a fiver, but I have in the last month played in four-ball matches where the other players have wagered £15 or £20 on the result. One cannot believe that this happened often before the War.

But then, everything has gone up in price, and golf can become nearly as expensive as polo. When you add together your club subscription, your conveyance to and from the golf course, your golf balls, occasional new clubs or new bag, your drinks, your meals at the club house, your green fees on courses to which you do not belong, your caddie fees and your caddies' tips, I am afraid that I, for one, must spend at least £150, and probably more, on golf each year. Many players reckon that they spend double that amount. Caddies in particular have gone up in price. Before the War 1s. a round was the top price, with a sixpenny tip on top of that. On the average fashionable course near London, most people nowadays give the caddy 10s. for the day.

Some golfers boast that they use the same ball for at least three rounds. Many more have a new one for each round. Golf is admittedly much more expensive near London than anywhere else in the country, but it is infinitely more costly everywhere than it used to be. I forget how much the average golf bag cost before the War, but the best ones were not much more than 15s. To-day they can run up to something like £8, with all sorts of diverting zip fasteners and huge pockets for an extra pair of shoes. Even the number of clubs that people use has increased enormously. Before the War nine clubs were a distinct exception. To-day there are thousands of golfers who have fourteen in their bags which may cost them as much as 30s. apiece for the irons and 35s. for the woods. These admittedly are top prices. But before the War few people paid more than 6s. or 7s. 6d. for a new one.

Then look at the other entrancing knick-knacks like the ball bags, woolly or leather tops for your wooden clubs, tee-peg containers and tee-pegs themselves. Tee-pegs are sold by the hundred thousand, although they were invented only six years ago or so. It is true that most good golfers have now reverted to ordinary grey flannel trousers in which to play, but thousands of golfers wear plus-fours purely for golf. Almost every golfer wears those leather jackets in the winter and special pull-overs in the summer. Before the War nobody bothered about their appearance at all. A nice loose jacket, the older the better, any old trousers, and a pair of strong nailed boots or shoes were all that you needed, unless you played on a course where a red jacket was necessary to scare off intruders.

Nobody wore golf gloves before the War, and who ever saw these gaudy golf umbrellas or waterproof suits, even ten years ago? Only a beginner used to buy a whole set of clubs at a time. To-day thousands of matched sets are sold, running from a No. 1 to a No. 9. Why, they even number the wooden clubs. Golf is getting so standardized that in a few years' time the fine old words like brassie, spoon, mashie, and niblick will have disappeared. Already the sammy, jigger, cleek, and baffy are dying out fast. It is just the same with the golf balls. The guttie killed the feather ball, but in the past thirty years it has died completely, as also have practically all the pre-War brands of ball, not to mention the bramble marking itself.

Do you remember the old White Colonel and the Whynot and the Midget Dimple, to name only a few? In some instances the firms which made these early successors of the Royal Haskell still manufacture golf balls, but if you go to any professional's shop or sports outfitters you will find that golf balls, like golf clubs, have become standardized, and only six kinds of 2s. balls and five kinds of cheaper ball, have a large sale, compared with the dozens of varieties before the War.

CADDIES MAY COST HALF-A-SOVEREIGN A DAY, instead of, perhaps, 3s. as in the old days, so it is not to be wondered at that the modern girl has adopted the profession—a tribute at once to her acumen and her physique

OLD STYLE: W. Kirkwood in 1911, when the game's uniform was a "pair of trousers, a pair of brogues, and a loose coat, the shabbier the better"

NEW STYLE: W. Hagen in "co-respondent" golf shoes, special pull-over and exquisitely cut plus-fours. Grey flannels, however, are still *en règle*

Yes, wherever you look you find that golf is changing. Courses are constructed quite differently from the way they were laid out in the old days. Cross bunkers are going rapidly out of fashion. Many golf architects consider that you should be able to see the face of every bunker from the tee. "Blind" shots, where you cannot see where your ball is going, are condemned right and left. Now even Colonel Bogey is being attacked, and they want to abolish him for par. These changes are making golf more and more a game of pure skill instead of skill-cum-chance, and if they go on at the present rate there will be no such thing as "a rub of the green" at all.

Every year golf is becoming more and more a young man's game, whether you are an amateur or a professional. The standard rises every year. The strain and tension are greater. The courses are made more difficult, despite the extra length which can be got out of the new balls. It becomes more and more necessary to play down to your handicap if you are not going to be beaten handsomely.

Since the War, the most noticeable changes in this ever-changing game

DEMOCRATIC AND MODERN

By CHARLES GRAVES

the club-house of the Royal and Ancient, St. Andrews

have been the switch-over from wooden shafts to steel shafts and from sand to tee-pegs. Both developments were introduced from America. A few leading British amateurs who had been touring the United States came back with the first of the steel shafts, but they would use them only for their wooden-headed clubs. Then a year-and-a-half later, when the "cushion neck" was brought in, nearly everyone started to buy steel-shafted clubs of every description. The result was almost too swift to please the golf-club makers. There is a certain famous firm which has still got 175,000 wooden shafts in stock, the manager of which tells me that for every ninety-five people who buy steel-shafted clubs in the South, only five buy the hickory clubs.

In Scotland, the home of golf, where they view with suspicion anything which is new-fangled, the hickory shaft is still holding its own pretty well. But the rapid increase in orders from places like Glasgow and Edinburgh spells its early demise, unless, that is, Scotsmen learn what is perfectly true about steel-shafted clubs — that they will have more breakages with them than with the ordinary wooden shafts.

A CLUB RUN AS A HOBBY: The approach to the sixteenth tee at Stoke Poges, one of the most attractive clubs in existence. A couple of years ago Stoke opened its doors to *The Sphere*, and our annual invitation Golf Tournament was held there

Down at Princes a fortnight ago Charman, the professional, told me that he sold eight steel-shafted clubs to every wooden one. That is rather an interesting point, by the way. The good golfer, and the medium golfer, buys his kit mostly from his club professional. It is usually the beginner or the person who is buying somebody a Christmas present who goes to the sports outfitter in the city. For some time professionals have been banding together to persuade members of golf clubs to support them by buying exclusively from them, instead of from shops. This campaign might have met with greater success if they had been honest enough to tell the members exactly what their salary or retainer was.

I have played golf for a quarter of a century—I was seven when I became a very junior member of the Royal St. David's Golf Club. But I had no idea what small fees they command from the clubs which employ them. The average player probably thinks as I did that the average retainer was anything between £600 and £1,000 a year, at least for the top-notchers. It is nothing of the sort. Few of them get more than £6 a week. The majority get much less, and quite a number get nothing at all.

How, then, do they live? The answer is that they get an extremely handsome margin on every golf ball and golf club they sell. In the case of the 2s. ball, they make about 7½d. if they pay cash, and the same in proportion on the 1s. and the 1s. 3d. ball. They also do extremely well out of the sale of golf clubs, although they have less and less to do in the way of "finishing" them now that steel shafts are so popular. Even now, however, they will design special heads in the case of iron clubs, and must fashion the heads of wooden clubs from quite rough-looking lumps of wood. There is also the question of handles and, in the case of wooden shafts, the choice of a stick which will give the club a nice "feel" when the head has been fixed on to it.

It must not be supposed, though, that golf clubs are mean over the salaries they pay or do not pay. The upkeep of a course is tremendous. The average number of men employed all the year round on a good course cannot fall far below ten and will often be more. There is also all the cost of re-turfing, seeding, and sanding. The cost of grass seed has gone up enormously and so has the cost of sand. To make a big golf course out of a farm, as was done at Sandy Lodge, is a very expensive business and, together with the erection of even an unpretentious club-house, would cost at least £25,000 to-day—an outlay which would have to be got back from members' subscriptions and green fees and bar receipts, and card money, before the real profits would start to roll in.

There are, incidentally, several different kinds of golf club. There is the proprietary club, belonging almost if not entirely to one man, like Coombe Hill, and run by the secretary-owner as a livelihood. There is the members' club, like Woking, which is owned by the members themselves and is run solely in their own interests and without any thoughts of profit. There is the club run as a hobby, sometimes at a loss, like Stoke Poges. There is the club run as the kernel of a housing scheme, like Moor Park, and there is the club run like any other company undertaking, by a syndicate. It is not for me to say which is the best. They all have their advantages. Perhaps the most interesting, though, is the club founded and run in order to increase the value of the neighbouring countryside for building land. The presence of a good golf course will quadruple this. Despite the slump all round, you still have to be very well off indeed to take a house near Sunningdale, while people with converted cottages at Sandwich can let them for anything from eighteen to twenty-five guineas a week during the summer, although neither course is run for the purpose of increasing land values.

Another example of the financial importance of golf is furnished by Harlech in North Wales. Before the laying out of the Royal St. David's course, which is admittedly one of the best in Great Britain, the villagers lived on the meagre profits of their sheep and the wages earned in the distant slate mines of Blaenau Festiniog. To-day, Harlech is a very prosperous little community. There are three or four hotels, including a first-class one, and any number of decent-sized houses whose owners took them purely because of the golf. The village children regularly earn 10s. or 15s. each carrying golf clubs for four or five months in the year, and so regular is their employment that one can say with truth that the Men of Harlech are all ex-caddies. Golf is at least as important to this community as the grouse moors are to certain parts of Scotland—and a good deal more lucrative. No wonder the birth rate at Harlech is so high! A child, instead of being "a useless mouth," is a very good investment from the age of eight upwards, whether girl or boy.

PITY THE POOR CADDIE who has to lug Walter Hagen's golf bag about with him. The tendency of the modern golfer is to increase the number of his clubs

I was saying just now that the wagers at golf are far less high than they were three years ago. On the other hand, the sweep money in the annual tournaments of the smart social clubs of St. James's reach formidable proportions. Buck's, White's, the Bachelors', the Portland, and the Bath Club are cases in point where it is no unusual thing for the sweep money to reach £700, and there have been cases where it has topped £1,500. Older golfers are inclined rather to disapprove of the extent to which money enters in tournaments like this, and occasionally rather ugly stories go the rounds when large sums of money like this are at stake. Needless to say, members of these clubs would never do anything dishonourable, but other clubs aping their example have not been so fortunate. There was the case of the young man who belonged to two golf clubs; at one of which he had not played since he took up the game and, in consequence, still had a handicap of 20. At the other he had been brought down to 6. Not long ago he resigned his membership at the latter course and, armed with his 20 handicap, he entered the tournament of his social club, which he won with the greatest of ease to the tune of several hundred pounds. Well, that is not pretty. Fortunately there is not much of this about, in the same way that golf has not been subjected so much as other games—at least in this country—to the efforts at making freak records. You will, however, find a number of strange feats recounted in *The Golfers' Handbook of 1932*.

Mr. H. H. Hilton and Mr. Percy Ashworth, many times racket champion, contested a driving match, the former driving a golf ball with a driver, and the latter a racket ball with a racket. Best distances: Against breeze—golfer, 182 yards; racket player, 125 yards. Down wind—golfer, 230 yards; racket player, 140 yards. Afterwards, Mr. Ashworth hit a golf ball with the racket and got a greater distance than with the racket ball, but was still a long way behind the ball driven by Mr. Hilton.

In 1913, at Wellington, Shropshire, a match between a golfer and a fisherman casting a 2½-oz. weight was played. The golfer, Mr. Rupert May, took 87; the fisherman, Mr. J. J. D. Mackinlay, required 102. The fisherman's difficulty was in his short casts. His longest cast, 105 yards, was within 12 yards of world's record, held by a French angler, Decautelle. When within a rod's length of a hole he ran the weight to the rod and dropped into the hole. Five times he broke his line, and was allowed another shot without penalty.

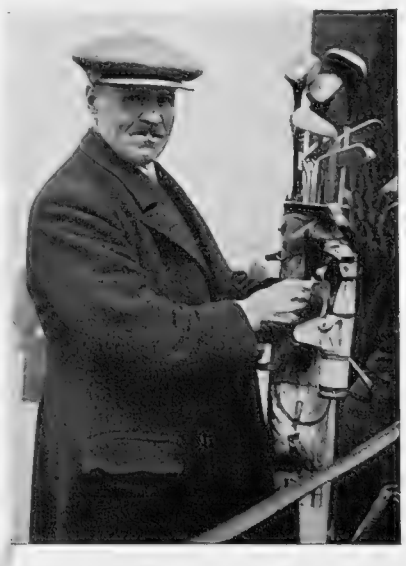
In December, 1913, Mr. F. M. A. Webster of the London Athletic Club, and Miss Dora Roberts, with javelins, played a match with Harry Vardon and Mrs. Gordon Robertson, who used the regulation clubs and golf balls. The golfers conceded two-thirds in the matter of distance, and they won by 5 up and 4 to play in a contest of 18 holes. The javelin throwers had a mark of 2 ft. square in which to "hole out," while the golfers had to get their ball into the ordinary golf-hole diameter. Mr. Webster's best throw was one of 160 ft.

In 1912, Mr. Harry Dearth, attired in a complete suit of heavy armour, played a match at Bushey Hall. He was beaten by 2 and 1.

In 1914, at the start of the Great War, Mr. J. N. Farrar, a native of Hoylake and now professional at Athens, was stationed at Royston, Herts. A bet was made of 10 to 1 that he would not go round Royston under 100 strokes, equipped in full field kit, water-bottle, and haversack. Farrar went round in 94.

It is noticeable that all these freak matches, and many others besides, all occurred before the War, when the game was still treated as a medium for stunts by many people. To-day it is regarded at its true worth, from the point of view of sport, health, and finance.

THE OLDEST: A case of golf clubs enshrined at Blackheath. The iron in the centre is 4 ft. long! From these the clubs of to-day have been developed

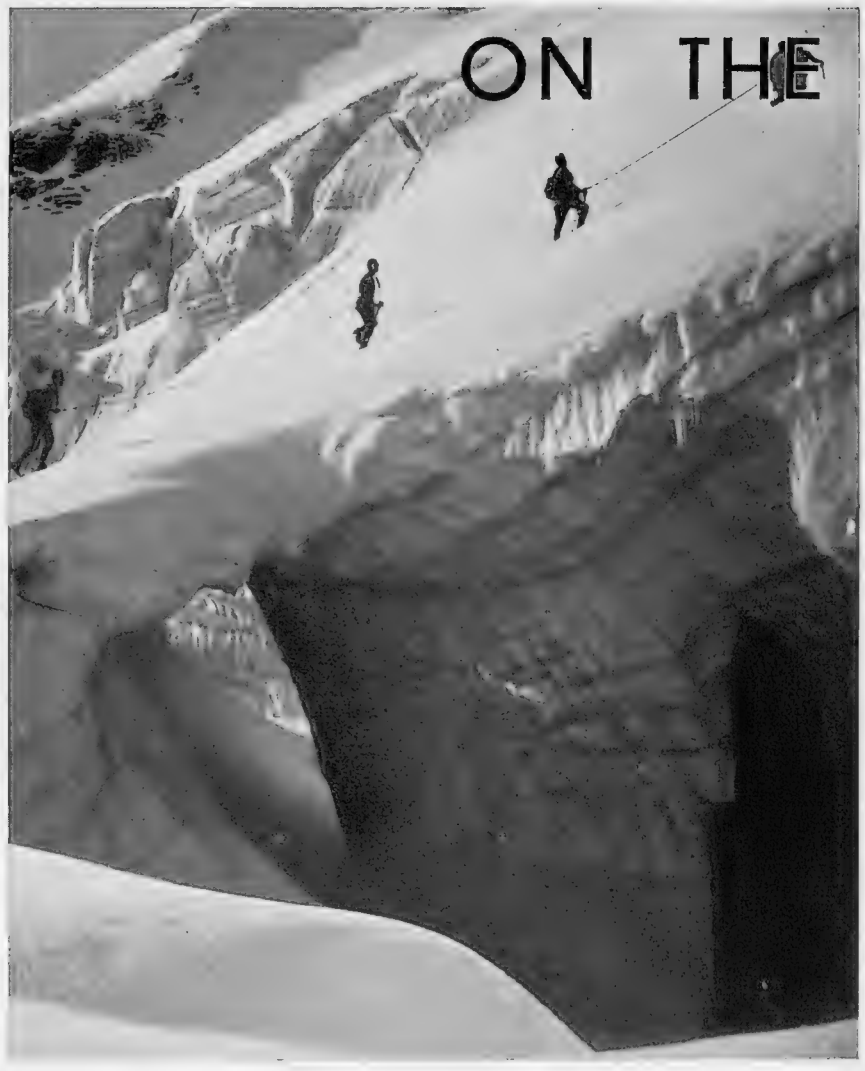


THE NEWEST: A golf bag with a large number of clubs and a golf umbrella complete. Attached to the bag is a ball-bag made like a golf bag

THE FACE OF THE FERGENHORN: The rope is used in climbing such peaks where precarious finger and foot holds alone are available

THE STEP OF SAFETY: One of the only too frequent perilous moments when climbing the Fergenhorn in the Suvretta district

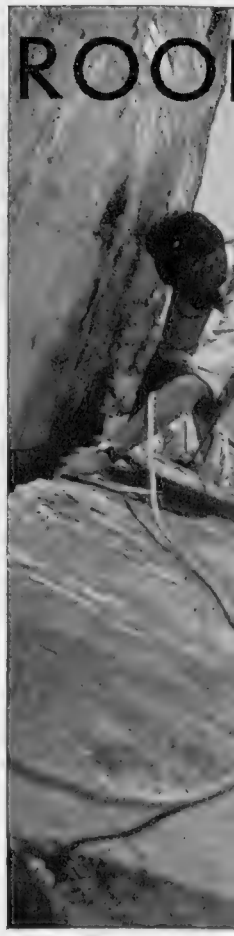
ON THE



SNOW OVER ICE: The rope is used not only in rock work but on the treacherous slopes of snow. The picture shows a snow ridge spanning the Grialetsch glacier above Davos—one of the most impressive scenes in Switzerland

PACING THE PEAKS: One of the most exhilarating experiences in mountaineering is to be found in walking along such an exalted ridge as this encountered climbing Piz Bernina

ROO



A NOT-SO-EASY MOM
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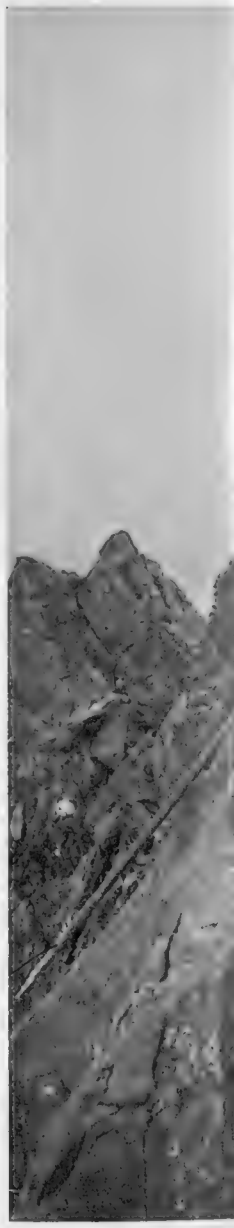

AN UNCOMFORTABLE
horn at Davos is c
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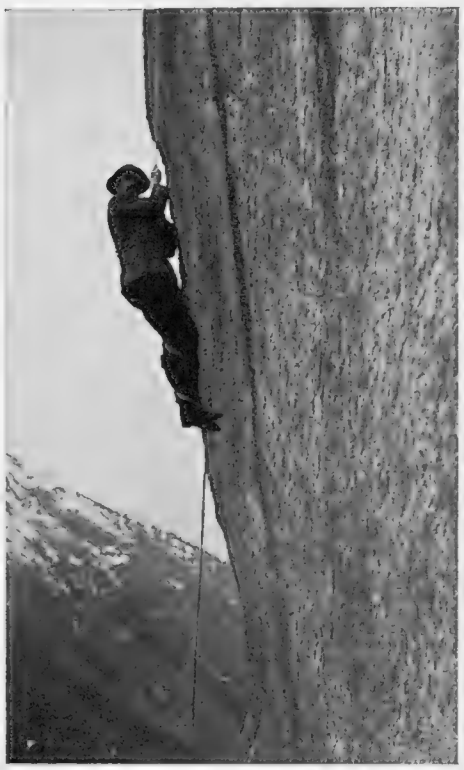
F OF EUROPE

OMENT while climbing the Aniselfluh, near Davos. Although the slope on stands looks but a gentle one, it is extremely slippery; hence his holding while working his way along before tackling the overhanging face above

LIKE THE MOUNTAIN GOAT, leaping from crag to crag, is the progress of the skilled and courageous mountaineer on such a peak as Piz Vadret near Davos (10,484 ft.). The rope is in a precarious position—over a spur calculated to produce friction



GOING DOWN BY ROPE: A good head and steady nerves as well as strong arms are required for this type of descent

ON PIZZO GALLO the main peak is scaled from the chimney and one jumps (!) from it to the mountain

E MOUNT: Traversing the sharp peak ridge of the Platten- s calculated to make a novice even more tender than a couple first day in the saddle. In addition to the discomfort, there t inconsiderable additional element of nerve strain to be sustained

A FAERY WORLD: A sea of fog over Val Malenco. The swirling banks look for all the world like cotton wool and as impenetrable to vision. Woe betide the mountaineer caught in such a phenomenon, for his only safety consists in waiting till it lifts

Lafayette *Elliott and Fry*

FOUR AUTHORESSES OF DISTINCTION: Mrs. J. S. Fletcher, the wife of the great writer of thrillers, who produces her own work under her maiden name, Rosamond Grant Langbridge; Miss Rose Fyleman, whose book of children's poems, *Fairies and Chimneys*, has gone into its twentieth edition, and who is now engaged on a new children's annual; Miss Merle Eyles, who is following in the footsteps of her distinguished mother, M. Leonora Eyles, and whose first novel will shortly be published by Faber and Faber; and Miss Richmal Crompton, who in private life is Mrs. Richmal Crompton Lamburn

+ BOOKS +

Three Novelists Consider the Perennial Literary Topic—Reviewing and Publishing; and a Personal Experience of the Film World

By CECIL ROBERTS

Three novelists were sitting under an apple tree discussing reviewers and publishers; it is what any three novelists sitting under an apple tree, or anywhere else, would be found discussing at any time. In my youth I was always delighted when I was invited to literary parties. I always accepted, thinking it would advance my career. I expected to meet the stars of my profession, and, apart from satisfying my curiosity upon the physical appearance and mental equipment of these fortunate beings, I hoped to learn something about writing.

I learned much about publishing, much about "royalties," and the most about reviewers. For five years I went to literary parties. Despite the disappointing physical appearance, and the distressing mentalities encountered, I still went, hoping that I should learn something new. But there was only one subject, wherever I went—the habits of publishers and reviewers. I heard what advance Mr. Wash, the newest publisher, made to Miss Drip for her latest novel. I learned why the *Sunday Chimes* gave a column to Mr. Boomer's anæmic study of love in Chelsea. I heard why Mr. Chant had his play accepted, and how Mr. Moon made £5,000 a year with two novels and ten short stories.

After five years of this gossip my taste for parties vanished. The prospect of ten authors together will now drive me from any party or place. I know all about publishers' reviewers. What was said about them five years ago is said about them to-day. Twenty years hence the nature of literary gossip will not have changed. Miss Drip will go home thoroughly perturbed because Mr. Chant gets a flat 20 per cent. royalty while she gets only fifteen. Mr. Moon will have failed to find out how Mr. Boomer persuades his publisher to advertise so widely. Mr. Wash will be angry because he did not succeed in impressing himself upon Mr. Scream who, having failed as a novelist, is now a power as a reviewer.

I have never known anyone to go home happy from a literary party except the unliterary friend who happened to be brought along and escaped early from the buffoons to the buffet.

But to return to my three novelists under the apple tree. Upon one point they were agreed—one should not take the slightest notice of the book advertisements in the Sunday papers. They mentioned a recent book. A whole double column exhausted the resources of the English language in acclaiming a "masterpiece." They had all read the book and were unanimous that it was a third-rate piece of work. They were all agreed that to-day the real merit of a work was likely to be the last quality that would ensure success. They were in despair about the state of English criticism to-day. Book societies, annual prizes, dishonest quotations from reviews, advertisement mass attacks in the Press, the morganatic marriages of reviewers with publishers—three were cited as "readers" to publishers, and subsequent enthusiastic endorsers of their own selections—and the impossibility of any bookseller knowing anything about the flood of books through which he had to wade—all these things had brought false values into the simple business of writing and selling a book.

These three novelists were not disgruntled or envious. They had all succeeded, all lost their enthusiasm, and could look at the scrambling mob of aspirants with comfortable detachment; their own successes, after the vagaries of twenty years of writing, did not increase their belief in mere ability meeting its reward or recognition. The first had written ten novels with no sale. The eleventh had been "put over" so big by an adroit new publisher that he had practically retired on this, his last and worst novel. The second, after heartbreaking struggles, now had a handsome retainer from a film company. His business was to destroy other novelists' books until they came within the mental grasp of scenario writers. He called his work "manipulative surgery" and said he had the pleasant business of maiming best sellers until their authors could not recognize them. The third novelist under the tree was trying to accustom himself to comparative wealth. An old and forgotten novel of his had been dramatized by a play-doctor and had had an overwhelming success. It had crossed the Atlantic and been bought at a fantastic figure by a Hollywood company.

They were three comfortable novelists, therefore enjoying the summer's afternoon. They were all in middle life and well out of the scrimmage. They were agreed that the struggle for the new writer was heartbreaking and had developed into a gamble.

They were right, and at the same time they were wrong. Of the spectacular successes in the literary world during the past ten years I should say that a third were based on genuine merit, the remaining two-thirds certainly relied upon various extraneous influences for their success. The chief fault seems to lie in the undue influence wielded by critics who are made important by the publishers who advertise and quote them—only when their verdicts are favourable. A critic with a thirst for publicity finds it hard to resist setting a bait for the publisher. The snappy sentence, loaded with praise, never fails to land the advertisement writer in the publisher's office. He is only human—and if he does not fall into temptation the indignant author, who has been told he is the greatest living writer, will soon ring up his publisher and make a violent protest. Then Mr. Moon, taken up by those dilettantes who delight in influencing literary taste, will one morning find he has been awarded a prize of no cash value to mark the most distinguished contribution of the year to contemporary letters. He is a brave or rude man if, like Mr. Sinclair Lewis, he declines to lend a hand in the game of hocus-pocus. Mr. Scream, the famous critic, who is to present the prize to Mr. Moon in the borrowed drawing-room of his tame duchess to whom he is the purveyor of genius for her dinner table, will never forgive him, and the publisher will also be reluctant to lose the chance of saying on the cover of the next novel, "By the winner of the Blenkinsop prize." Messrs. Tauchnitz will not buy it for perambulation on the railway platforms of Europe, the editor of the "Best Far-Fetched Stories of the Year" will not give it five stars in his addendum of meritorious mention, and *Slump's Magazine* will not buy his next serial, whatever it may be.

It is all very depressing to the beginner, or the old hand, if he cares too greatly about recognition or foolishly relies upon his work for support. The odds at Monte Carlo are not much greater, and a success at the gaming- or the writing-table brings about the same disillusionment. If a writer is not happy in his work for the writing's sake, he is never going to know any real happiness. With this state of mind he is independent of the dishonesty, the hypocrisy or the adroitness of the literary world.

The three novelists under the apple tree were agreed upon this. Each of them had found his greatest pleasure in the book which had not succeeded, and had contempt for the book which had. They mentioned the case of a contemporary who, whenever he put forth a new book, dwelt in a hell of anxiety wondering whether he would be able to conduct the chorus of praise as harmoniously as he had done it on previous occasions. What letter-writing, what dinner parties, what social evenings, what graciousness to the dull wives of important people it entailed to launch the inevitable masterpiece!

There is a touch of all this, even, in the recently-published diaries of Arnold Bennett, as level-headed a writer as ever lived. At thirty-seven he suffered from frequent fits of depression. This was not due to the unrest in his sexual life in Paris, he cherished no illusions about that, but to a consuming anxiety whenever he measured his success with some others. His name was not on the front page of some magazine. Hitchens's was. It greatly perturbed him. He began to feel he was losing touch in Paris. Others were wirepulling while he was working, and he was shrewd enough to see the need of both. In the era of newspaper Napoleons he knew the power of mass suggestion. He made a friend of one Napoleon, and climbed into a reviewer's chair.

Let the simple-minded literary aspirant think upon these facts. Could he hear the three novelists under the apple tree he might see a better chance in greyhound racing. There the favourite does not depend upon Mr. Scream's opinion set forth in heavy type for Sunday consumption.

We are constantly hearing of the great efforts put put forth by our film promotors to give us better films. With much flourishing of brazen trumpets we have been told that the best authors of the day are being called into co-operation in the determination to produce the very best. I wonder how much the public know of the nature of this co-operation? A famous company flattered me by calling me in. Would I give them my closest co-operation in producing a super-film from one of my own novels? I was overjoyed and over-sanguine.

We held a long consultation, and I began to learn something about the art of writing down to the box-office. After making soul-shattering concessions, in the spirit of co-operation and the information that one cannot under-estimate the intelligence of the public, I agreed to a dreadful version of my story. Three months went by, and then a gentleman visited

(Continued on p. 364)

BOOKS TO READ

THE ELEGANT WOMAN, by Gertrude Aretz (Harrap. 18s.). A translation of a study of women from the roccoco period to modern times, with sixty-three illustrations.

SIR WALTER'S POSTBAG, selected by Wilfred Partington (Murray. 16s.) The second and final selection from the private letter-books of Scott.

PENNY PLAIN, TWO PENCE COLOURED, by A. E. Wilson (Harrap. 21s.). A history of the juvenile drama—the toy stage with which Victorian children amused themselves, with eighty-three excellent illustrations.

RATCATCHER TO SCARLET, by Cecil Aldin (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.). A cheap edition of a modern classic of hunting, with all the original Aldin illustrations.

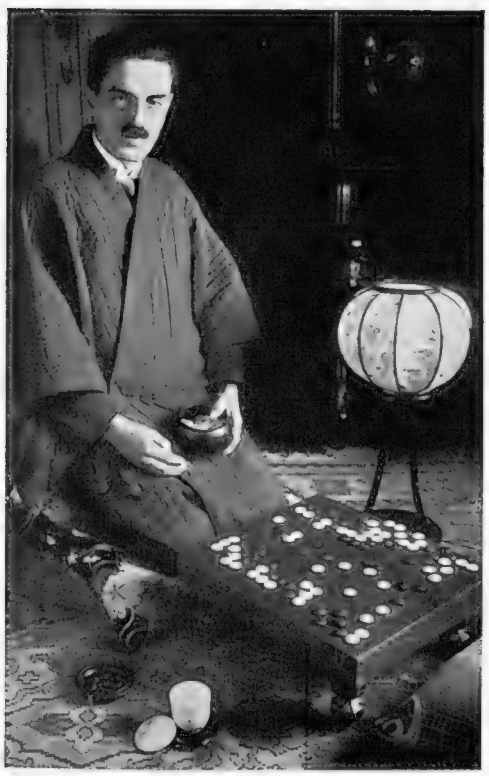
THE DESERTER, by Lajos Zilahy (Nicholson Watson. 7s. 6d.) An Hungarian novel by the author of "The Firebird."

IVOR NOVELLO—the plays, "I Lived with You," "Party," and "Symphony in Two Flats." (Methuen. 8s. 6d.)

SURVEY OF THE SPHERE

A COURT OF JUSTICE HELD 6,000 FT. ABOVE THE SEA: When the "King of Poachers", Augustin Dormann, was accused of murdering a game-keeper at Groebming, Styria, the first trial to be held in so lofty a district, a plea of self-defence obtained the acquittal of the accused. The villagers were greatly interested in the entire performance

A RESORT OF NORMANDY: A general view of the *plage* at Pourville with the Grand Hotel in the background. *Inset above on right*—THE FESTIVAL OF THE NETS in Boulogne is one of the most picturesque of Catholic customs. The instruments of peasant livelihood on the coast are solemnly hung up and blessed by the priests—evidence of the hold the Faith still has on France



A GERMAN CHAMPION OF A JAPANESE GAME: Herr Felix Dubail, who is a skilled Go player—a game likely to have a rage in Europe like Mah Jongg. Go has been played in China for 4,000, in Japan for 1,200 years

A PRINCE IN NAZI UNIFORM: Prince August Wilhelm, son of the ex-Kaiser, at the funeral of the victims of the training ship *Niobe*, which capsized in the Baltic with a loss of sixty-nine lives

"ACES, ALL ACES!" Mr. George R. Hutchinson of Richmond, Virginia, who is to fly to London, via Harbour Grace, Greenland, Iceland and the Faroes, with his wife, his two daughters and a crew of four, consisting of a wireless operator, a photographer, and a navigator, in a ten-seater amphibian

PLAYS

NEW-FOUND HAPPINESS: Sir Gerald du Maurier and Miss Gertrude Lawrence as the victims of unhappy marriages, who come together in *Behold We Live* at the St. James's

CONTINENTAL CLOWNS in their dressing-room, which resembles tawdry yet magical atmosphere

Mr. Philip Leaver, who has just had two plays accepted and one of them produced, is, I gather, a man of the theatre. That is obvious from his play, *To-morrow Will Be Friday*, which brings Miss Marie Tempest back to the Haymarket but is not otherwise remarkable. He is not at a loss for technique; he can write dialogue which does not smell of the lamp (though it smells a bit of the grease-paint); he has a knack for an effective curtain. So much is to the good.

Unfortunately, there is not much advantage in having a sense of the stage if you people that stage merely wtth stage people. Having that professional knowledge, which many authors with ten times Mr. Leaver's creative imagination and literary facility would give a couple of years' income to possess, Mr. Leaver had now better go out into the world, look at a few real human beings, and learn how they behave.

They certainly do not behave as do the puppets of *To-Morrow Will Be Friday*, which seems to call to mind many past productions, from drawing-room comedy to crook melodrama. The author has not even made the chunks blend. The whole thing is like a jig-saw puzzle which does not fit.

Act I is devoted to polite conversation between members of an irreproachably aristocratic house-party, with Miss Tempest (Charlotte Lady Immingham) as hostess.

Act II is a matter of safe-rifling, stolen emeralds, attempted blackmail, and the revelation that Lady Immingham's first husband was a French circus rider and is still alive, and that she is therefore a bigamist.

In Act III we find her chatting and laughing on a sofa with a man who had (*a*) blackmailed her, (*b*) stolen her jewels, and (*c*) attempted to seduce a young girl staying in her house; and the curtain falls in an atmosphere of complete amity and reconciliation.

MISS EILEEN PEEL, who plays a verbose prattler with a delightfully satirical touch in John van Druten's new play, *Behold, We Live* at the St. James's Theatre. Miss Peel is rapidly coming to the fore

This reconciliation seems to have been brought about by "the lure of the circus." At the risk of offending my good friends Mr. C. B. Cochran and Mr. Willson Disher, I must confess that I find the real circus a dreary and somewhat malodorous institution. But it is Heaven-sent enjoyment compared with references to it on the stage. One of the dullest plays ever seen in London, *Caravan*, was devoted to circus life and, like the circus tent itself, "folded," after a brief and inglorious run.

The moment I detect in any play symptoms of sentimental discussion of the scent of the sawdust and the crack of the ringmaster's whip, I vanish, via the bar, into the nearest taxi.

That a sophisticated woman of the world could ever forgive, and shower blessings on, a scoundrel with no redeeming qualities simply because they both remembered some French song sung by some old clown is a preposterous supposition. And Haymarket comedies built on preposterous suppositions simply will not do.

The art of Miss Tempest is great and adorable. But it cannot pull this sort of stuff into success. Miss Celia Johnson played a little love scene with beautiful sincerity. Mr. Leon Quartermaine could do nothing with the part of the crook, nor could any actor. Mr. Athole Stewart and Mr. Graham Browne mooned about in well-bred fashion as Miss Tempest's middle-aged admirers.

Loyalties will probably go down to posterity as Mr. John Galsworthy's greatest play. It deserves the adjective "great." As relentless as a Greek tragedy, it shows not only the chain of events that one rash act sets in motion—as if that world of good clubs and a detestation of bad form were a moving staircase at a Tube station—but the effect of events upon character.

That is true drama. The people who stand on that moving staircase are real people, and the application of the play is wide. I make this point because there seems to be a tendency, in the matter of the present revival at the Garrick, to narrow the issue.

Loyalties is no mere Jew v. Gentile controversy, conducted by the author with such perfect impartiality that it depends solely upon the ability of the players as to whether we sympathize with the Christian who is an officer and a gentleman, and has innumerable attractive qualities, but is a thief none the less, or with the Jew, who is as straight as a die, and has a genuine grievance, but who is—well, a little difficult.

Had Mr. Galsworthy been concerned solely with the racial aspect, he would not have omitted to recognize that (*a*) a Jew can be an officer and a gentleman, and possess attractive qualities, (*b*) that a Jew can be a thief, and (*c*) that a Christian can be honourable but unattractive.

No, the play abides by its title more closely than that, and at the same time goes deeper. The theft by Captain Dancy of £1,000 from the Jew, De Levis, is a first-rate peg and good theatre. But it is not more than a peg. Looming large and important in the background we can see the elderly General, loyal to his country, as exemplified by the Army and all that the officers' mess entails, the solicitor loyal to his profession, the tradesman loyal to his commercial integrity, the dunderheaded public schoolboy loyal to his friend through thick and thin, and above all, the Jew loyal to his race.

De Levis is race-conscious *ad nauseam*, a man who is all angles, and who appears to revel in an inferiority complex which gives him rotten manners. Mr. Ernest Milton ten years ago suggested all this; but he also suggested the dignity of a proud and ancient people. Mr. Oliver Raphael, an interesting actor, was pert and jumpy when he should have been cool and even stately. So we detested his De

TOYS OF CHILDHOOD: A poignant scene played with Miss Gertrude Lawrence in the sombre but effective attack in serious drama comes as a revelation to comedy tricks," clever and fascinating

the workshop of Santa Claus—a study reproducing vividly the of circus or stage-cum-circus life

Levis, in spite of his wrongs, and wondered why a club committee should have been troubled with him at all.

Conversely, Mr. Colin Clive, who can pour charm across the footlights without being charm-conscious, made us, I fancy, rather more sorry for the officer-thief than the author intended us to be. He was bad-tempered, but only as a decent sort of grown-up schoolboy who has done a rotten thing and knows it. Mr. Eric Maturin, who played the part no less cleverly in 1922, has for so long made a study of sinister peevishness that the man's guilt as well as his offensiveness were apparent from the start.

If I have devoted considerable space to De Levis and Captain Dancy it is not because the rest of the

a magnificently sure touch by Sir Gerald du Maurier and new Van Druten play at the St. James's. Miss Lawrence's those who have regarded her hitherto as a "parcel of tricks, but only tricks nevertheless

By PHILIP PAGE

cast is negligible. Far from it, *Loyalties* is essentially a player's play and everyone gets a bit of fat.

I would single out from a long and more than competent cast, Miss Cathleen Nesbitt—clear-cut and sympathetic in her original part; Miss Maisie Darrell, pretty and pathetic as Dancy's wife, but a little lacking in distinction; Mr. Cecil Ramage as the General; and Mr. Laurence Hanray as the solicitor—admirable—though Mr. Hanray knows as well as I do how easy it is for an old man to get a laugh with a cup-and-saucer. Mr. Whatmore's drawl, after the manner of the late G. P. Huntley, savoured too much of burlesque for the relentless realism of Mr. Galsworthy.

I have alluded above to the hoary theatrical tradition that any reference to the circus on the stage has an appeal that is irresistible in its picturesque sentimentality. There is another such tradition—that Paris is a place of spicy sex-appeal and that the spectacle of a respectable Englishman in pursuit of its delights cannot fail as a foundation for a light musical entertainment.

This Englishman turns up again in *Paris in London*, a revue at the Comedy Theatre, fortunately in the person of Mr. A. W. Baskcomb. Mr. Baskcomb being a comedian of gloomily pungent personality and infinite resource can carry off such ancient situations as being discovered in his amours by a heavy-weight wife, and being revealed gazing at a scantily-draped model in a Montparnasse studio. He contrived to be constantly and increasingly funny.

The remainder of the show had the virtue of not resembling too closely that which it seemed to be trying to imitate—the shattering boredom of Paris's own revues at the Casino de Paris and other theatres designed for English-speaking visitors.

We had occasional visions of a black-haired young woman, devoid of both charm and talent, who was the genuine French article. But the bulk of the programme was filled by the Komarova Ballet. Their work is a copy, not always a clever one, of most of the titbits shown by Diaghileff and the Chauve-Souris. But they are at any rate competent, as is the *compère*, Mr. Henry de Bray.

These plays from the Hungarian start at a disadvantage the moment one glances at the programme. *Firebird*, adapted from the Hungarian original of Lajos Zilahy, has an enormous cast. (Miss Gladys Cooper's latest venture at the Playhouse being an ambitious one), most of them with unpronounceable names, and some with no names at all.

What, for instance, are we to make of such a character as "relative of Mrs. Aranyosi"? If the poor creature has a name, let the author tell us what it is. I found it difficult to spot even Mrs. Aranyosi herself. So many people wandered, during the earlier part of the evening, in and out of that block of flats at Budapest, most of them chattering themselves up and downstairs with no object, apparently, other than to impress the audience that they were in for something highly tense, realistic, and original. In point of fact they were in for a melodrama with Hungarian trimmings, which would have been a better play with half the cast and no trimmings at all.

By all means let us have what I take to be the Budapest atmosphere if it does not interfere with the play. A Budapest audience, taking the atmosphere for granted, does not have its attention diverted by such things as comic helmets (procured specially by aeroplane), organ-grinders, garrulous tenants with cooking recipes, strangely-garbed ambulance men, and the rest of it. A London audience finds it difficult not to let its mind concentrate on such non-essentials, to which the producer appears to have given more attention than to the necessary task of seeing that the play is taken at a proper pace, and that the whole of the company should be audible, instead of only 60 per cent. of it.

I should, indeed, have felt much happier had the "atmosphere" been swapped and the block of flats been in Hampstead or Half Moon Street, according to taste and social position.

The story of *Firebird* is simple. The intention is to spring a great surprise on the audience in the last act by revealing who did murder the popular young actor in his flat. I do not pose as a detective genius, but I guessed, and guessed right, in Act I. Some experience of murder plays has led me invariably to pitch on as the culprit a character who has been kept obscure. In this case the process was easy. That a woman had done the deed was obvious. This should have been, since she is the leading lady, Miss Gladys Cooper. But Miss Cooper was soon confessing her guilt to a police-commissioner when she need not have confessed to anyone. She was, therefore, lying in order to save someone. We had learned that she was devoted to her daughter, who was well in the

(*Continued on p.* 362)

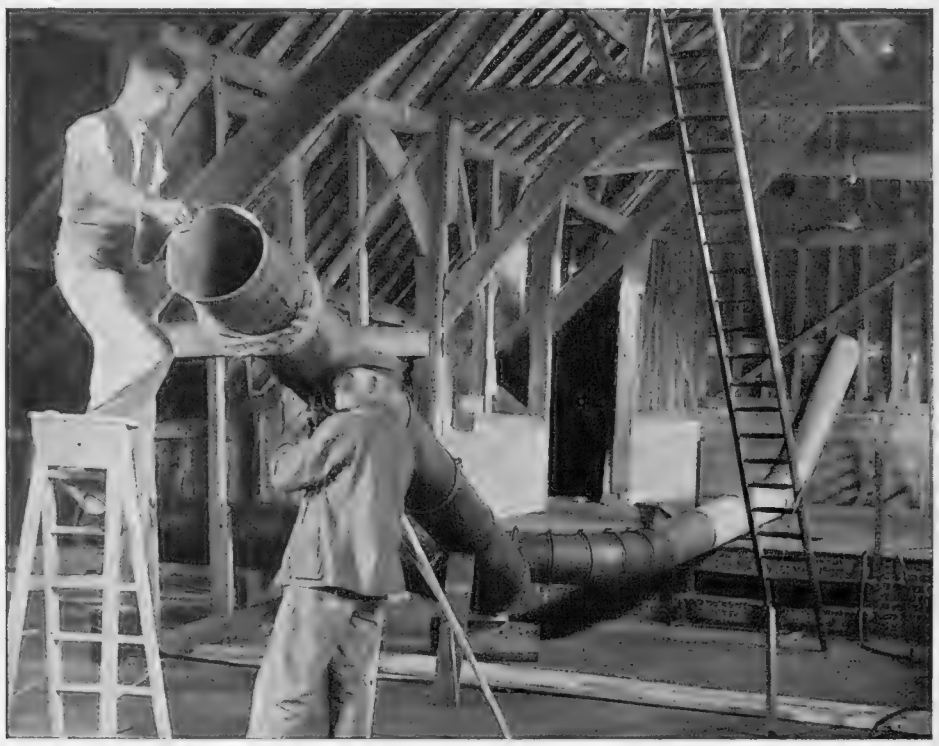
FACING THE WORLD: Sir Gerald du Maurier and Miss Gertrude Lawrence, who find in each other the happiness they lacked in their marriages—an emotional moment from *Behold, We Live*

MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE who, from a musical comedy star, developed into an adept at high comedy and now shows another facet of her versatility by playing, and playing well, high tragedy

SIX FACETS of ENGLAND'S LIFE

AN ANCIENT BRITISH SPORT REVIVED: Captain Norman Knight, with other members of the British Falconers' Club, out for a day's sport at Avebury, Wilts. Falconry, at one period a sport indulged in very largely by women—Queen Elizabeth was an ardent follower of the sport—has evidently a great appeal to youth to-day

THE PRIMITIVE THEATRE ASSISTS THE CHURCH: The age-old alliance between Church and Stage has been resuscitated by the Rev. S. W. Key, Vicar of Fulford, Yorks, who himself built a Punch and Judy Show and accepted engagements therewith to help to clear a debt of £8,000 contracted in the rebuilding of the church schools



UNDER SENTENCE? The world-famous Quaker Meeting House at Jordans, near Beaconsfield, said to have been made from the timber of the *Mayflower*, has been attacked by the death-watch beetle. The authorities are experimenting with the new German process to extirpate the plague—forcing hot air through pipes to kill the beetles by heat

UNFORGOTTEN: Although the pets' cemetery in Hyde Park is closed, owners of departed animal friends buried there still visit the graves with offerings of flowers

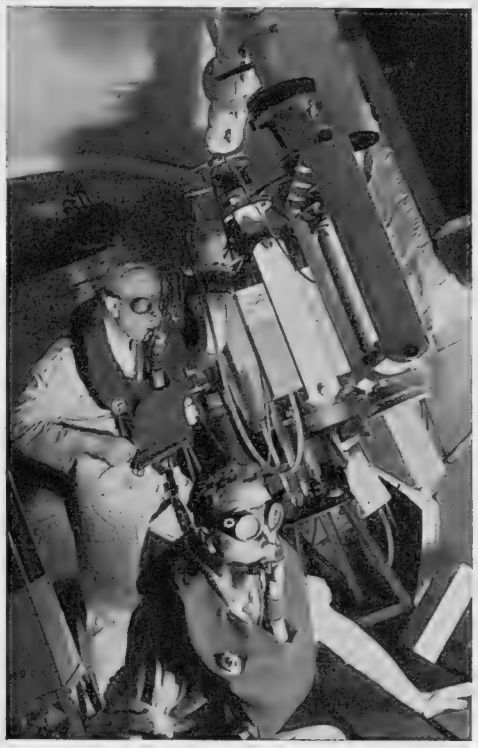
A RAILWAYMAN'S HOLIDAY consisted in the construction of this scale model of a District Railway train. It was built by Mr. Nigel Parkinson of Sheringham and Wimbledon Station, an employee of the Southern Railway. An old Baby Austin engine drives the generator

FOR CASUALTIES OF THE ROAD: The cemetery at Tonbridge, Kent, wherein cats and dogs killed in road accidents in the district are reverently interred

SUBMARINE SAFETY

The Counter-Lung and the Telephone Buoy Cable Invented in Germany

THE SLEEPING CABIN of the submarine in which the miniature diving apparatus is suspended. The equipment weighs less than 4½ lb.



THE DIVING EQUIPMENT is put on within one minute of the alarm being given, and the crew is rushed to the hatches

SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED HATCHES have been installed on the trial submarine. These can be opened at any water current so that the crew can escape

THE COUNTER-LUNG actually in operation. This device, it is believed, will certainly save thousands of the lives that go down below the sea in ships

THE recent English and French submarine tragedies of the *Poseidon*, the *M2*, and the *Prométhée* have attracted the attention of naval circles to a German marvel of technical science which insures the rescue of the crew of sunk *U* boats. In professional circles it is called "Counter-lung." Since the disasters large orders have been received by the Draegerwerke in Lubeck, Germany, for this miniature diving equipment, which is the invention of Dr. Bernhard Draeger. In order to test the efficiency of the new device, a submarine for experimenting purposes has been placed at the disposal of the Lubeck works. On this boat the accompanying pictures were taken

HALF OXYGEN, HALF AIR is the mixture that fills the "Counter-lung." It can be put on in 45 seconds. The spectacles are specially made for diving

AT EIGHT TO TEN FATHOMS the "Counter-lung" alone can enable a crew to escape. It serves also as a lifebelt

THE TELEPHONE BUOY CABLE is used at depths greater than 8 to 10 fathoms where the "Counter-lung" alone can be successfully employed. The new devices will enable the crew of a submarine operating even in over 50 fathoms to escape

AFTER EMERGENCE from the water, the diving equipment serves as a lifebelt and will keep the rescued above water for entire days

WHEN WE

On left—
The superb grace of the draped line superbly demonstrated by Miss Karen Morley, the film star, who is wearing a white crêpe evening gown of train-line finish at the front. The deep cowl cape of black sequin has a harmonizing drape extending from the waist to below the knees at the back

Below—
Black and white are cunningly allied in this autumn street ensemble by Main-bocher. The draped neck of the satin gown has its reflection in the black and white drapery of the hat

On left—
Crinkled silks are foremost among recent fashion "arrivals," and the slender gown is of pale heliotrope, showing the lifted waistline in front and a softening drape at the square neckline

Above—
The diagonal line, cleverly accentuated, distinguishes this winter coat in bouton d'or. Mousquetaire sleeves provide an effective finish

GO VISITING

A Little Light on the Character of Party Clothes for Winter—both Formal and Otherwise

An exotic evening gown of magenta moiré which has wing sleeves of shot pale blue and magenta chiffon. Additional interest is given to the sleeves by the introduction of magenta sequins

Dorothy Wilding

Below :—Miss Rita Lyle, who is to appear in Mr. Noel Coward's new revue *Words and Music*, effectively displays the regal beauty of satin and fur as an alliance for evening. Her sandal shoes are a novelty to admire, if not to copy

Pictures by Sasha

Corsages are slender, waists high and backs noticeably abbreviated if this charming gown is an indication of fashion's trend. Elizabeth Jenns, the charming wearer, is another member of the cast of *Words and Music*, shortly coming to the Adelphi

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

Kenya and Uganda Railways

SPANNING THE NILE: The roadway running across the Nile Bridge

Fox Movietone

AN AROMATIC FOREST: A train running through an area densely wooded with eucalyptus trees

Major Barry Johnston

UNLOADING COFFEE from a lorry for subsequent rail transport

ROAD AND RAIL IN KENYA

A Modern Problem Solved on Drastic but Exceedingly Suggestive and Efficient Lines

Sometimes the outposts of Empire provide an example of what can be done to tackle modern problems. This is largely because in new countries problems assert themselves in extreme forms, and what may be merely a nuisance in our highly organized English structure becomes a real crisis in the wilds. It is for this reason that Kenya (according to *The Times* Nairobi correspondent) has decided to introduce legislation entirely prohibiting motor-lorry competition with the railways. It sounds drastic! Drastic methods, however, may prove the most sound in the long run, for the country progressed perfectly well without this very recent competition, and would progress equally well if the roads remained feeders of the railway instead of rivals—and unfair rivals at that.

I believe I am right in saying that a railway can refuse only to carry explosives and lunatics, whereas a lorry just picks and chooses its freights. The natural result is that certain classes of goods are taken by lorry from Mombasa right through to Uganda at a rate with which the railway cannot compete, and thus rob the railway of freight which is essential to its economic service. The importer of the day scores a point, but his action checks all railway progress (on which his ultimate livelihood depends) and even imperils its present existence. Hence the drastic intervention of Government, for the railway is a Government concern.

The rates policy of the Kenya and Uganda Railways has hitherto been to provide the cheapest possible transport for the products of the country to the port, to enable them to compete in the world's markets; to compensate fort he loss of revenue on this export traffic, rates on import traffic have had to be kept high.

Up to two years ago this policy proved entirely satisfactory over a period that may be described as a boom period of high prices and intensive development, as evidenced by the fact that the capital value of railway assets increased from £7,000,000 to £17,000,000, while gross receipts per annum grew from £1,092,489 to £2,214,229.

This period has now unfortunately passed and the countries are now faced with a period devoid of intensive development, reduced importation of new capital, and a corresponding reduction in the tonnage of high-rated commodities.

The total export ton mileage of low-rated commodities has doubled in the last five years and now constitutes 32 per cent. of the total public ton mileage, leaving the remaining two-thirds of the traffic to cover all overhead, depreciation, and loan charges.

This means that rates on import traffic must be maintained at a high level, and while the tonnages carried at the three highest class rates are comparatively small, they provide a very high proportion of the total revenue, and it is in the traffic carried at these rates that motor competition is most felt.

The problem is somewhat different from that found elsewhere, in that it is not due to the existence of a magnificent system of roads as in older countries. Roads in Kenya, while improving rapidly every year cannot yet be said to be ideal, and in many districts and areas they become almost impassable during the rains. Nevertheless, it is clear that motor-lorries operating during the dry season from the port to up-country centres, conveying high-rated articles can do and have done much to damage the railway's financial position. Accurate figures are difficult to obtain, but it is estimated that the loss to railway funds during 1931 must have been at least £70,000 and may have been more.

Two alternatives have to be considered:

(1) Completely to eliminate wasteful motor competition; or

(2) To revise the tariff policy.

Whatever may be the position in the future, it is considered that the latter is less in the interests of the country at the present time. Any lowering of the top rates will of necessity involve the raising of the rates in the lower classes, and such a change, particularly at the present time when prices of all commodities are at a very low level, is liable to cause serious dislocation to the business of the country.

It should be made clear that the railway administration is not opposed to motor transport in general or to such transport as acts as feeder services or assists development, but only to the competition which picks the most paying traffic along lines parallel to the existing railways. An ordinance aimed at restricting this traffic by licensing was passed towards the end of 1931, but in practice this has not proved effective, and the loss from motor competition during this year is still estimated to be over £60,000, and the recent advices referred to earlier in this article indicate that legislation completely prohibiting motor-lorry competition is now under consideration.

Petrol, and possibly a combination of petrol with power alcohol locally manufactured, may well be the fairy godmother of Africa; but before they came on the scene millions were spent on railway construction. Millions more should yet be spent on railways, and petrol will prove to be a curse and not a blessing if it checks the development of railways for, granted similar rules, road transport cannot compete with rail; and picking the eyes out of the traffic is not only failing to play the game, but is definitely against the real interests of the country.

F. H. M.

SUMMER IN MONTE CARLO

When the fang of Autumn is first perceptible in the summer air, the South of France is still not only bathed in sunshine but in warmth, and the artificial gaieties of the halcyon season persist, even as the welcome heat, far beyond the span of more northerly lands. Ballets, dancers, midgets, and gala nights of the most elaborate and exotic character have been arranged.

Personalities this season at Monte include Captain V. L. H. Hope, the distinguished British aviator who this year won the King's Cup for the third time; Mr. H. N. Hagg, the De Havilland expert; Mr. Thomas Le Breton, the Argentine Ambassador; the Hon. Reginald and Mrs. Fellowes, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, Lady Milford Haven (who is Africa-bound with Lady Louis Mountbatten), Princess Emiline de Broglie, Comte de Castéja, Lady Bearsted, Comtesse de Villeneuve, Prince Narikeeheze, Comte Metternich, Prince Said Halim, Prince and Princess del Drago, Mr. Martin Brown, the American author, Miss Olive Wadesley, the distinguished writer, Grand Duke Dmitri, and Lord Charles Cavendish.

THE BATHING BAND: The Cuban orchestra of Don Azplazu, the importers of the Rumba and the new dance El Son, add to the gaiety of Monte Carlo. Two pictures of this famous group of rhythm merchants half-on, half-off, duty are to be seen above

L. P. Wyatt

ROAD AND RAIL COMBINED: The bridge over the Nile at Jinja carries the two great competitor forms of transport

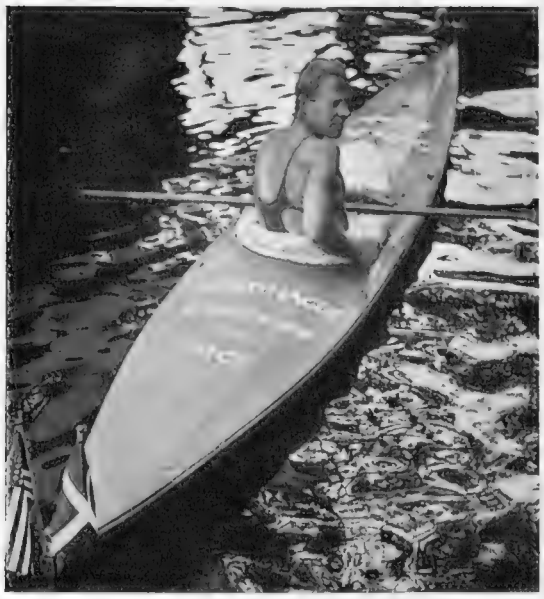
HOLIDAY TOURING SCENES

AN IMPROVISED MIRROR: Mrs. Burnet of Exeter uses the metal work of her motor caravan as a looking-glass at the caravan rally at Minehead, judged by Mr. S. F. Edge

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE: One of the entrants in the motor caravan rally at Minehead, to which competitors from all over the country made their way. A camping trailer of considerable bulk is seen above drawn by a midget car not one-eighth its size—proof positive, were it needed, of the power and multiform uses of the modern baby car

CARAVANNING COMFORT: Early morning tea in a motor-trailer caravan can be as comfortable and even as luxurious as in one's non-movable home!

"WHERE THE CARAVAN HAS RESTED!" The modern caravan, towed by a motor-car, is quite the last word in comfort. This picture was taken at Waters Meet, Lynmouth, North Devon, whose pine-woods are a delight. Even the lightest car can be used to draw the trailers of new design



UNDER TWO FLAGS: M. P. Jerndorff-Jessen, the Anglo-Danish journalist, traveller and swimmer, who travelled in a small Eskimo kayak from the Baltic, 300 miles from Copenhagen to Kiel, through Germany to Emden, through Holland and Belgium via Paris to Nice, where he is to teach swimming

INAUGURATION: The departure of the first aerial electric coach on the new cable railway in the Saleve Mountains near Geneva on the frontier of Savoie. The new railway ranks as one of the greatest feats of French engineering and is one of the most daring works yet constructed

A HEADSTONE OF HISTORY: A holiday-maker reading the inscription on the memorial marking the spot in the New Forest where William II was killed on August 2, 1100, by the ricochet of an arrow, shot at a stag, which glanced off an oak tree standing at this point

THE RENAISSANCE OF THE BICYCLE

THE TRANSPORT OF COPENHAGEN: Bicycles are the main feature of Denmark's traffic, in the capital especially. Instead of the phalanxes and ranks of cars that characterize most modern cities, circular railings have been put up to which the "wheels" can be padlocked. The average small shopkeeper in Copenhagen effects all his deliveries by cycle

VEHICULAR CHAOS would seem, from this picture, to be the order of the day in Copenhagen. The view shows a main street in the capital city. Cycling is indulged in not only by delivery agents and errand boys, but by business men of position. Solid citizens of substance in bowler or Homburg hats and belted overcoats, even those carrying brief-cases, do not disdain the wheel—possibly an explanation of the high standard of Danish fitness

DEGREES OF COMPARISON: A short distance outside Paris, at Brunoy, is a miniature velodrome where Parisians repair on Sundays. Three mannequins are seen above riding different types of cycle, a sport very popular in France

PUZZLE—FIND YOUR OWN! A colossal number of bicycles parked during the cycle race in Paris to which, it would appear, every spectator came by wheel. The difficulty of identification would tax even Sherlock Holmes!

STILL POPULAR: A picture taken on a summer Sunday on the Kingston by-pass, which effectively and incontrovertibly proves the renaissance of the push-bike

"TOMMY TUCKER" OF THE WHEEL: Mr. E. Malpas, a young Australian who arrived in London last month. He is cycling round the world and sings to pay his expenses *en route*

Although thousands of motor-cyclists are now to be seen on our highways, the pedal cyclist still holds his own, and every week-end pleasure cycling clubs composed of both sexes with their tandem machines included in their outfit are to be found in many parts enjoying a "cruise out" to places of interest along the countryside.

A great amount of pleasure is to be found on a cycle trip with, of course, a good make of machine. It is considered the cheapest way of spending a week-end, a summer holiday, or even a holiday abroad and, without doubt, the most healthy. To cycle at a convenient pace keeps one in good condition, and in many cases the medical profession do not fail to recommend cycling as a means of keeping fit.

One has only to take a passing glance at advertisements or on the road to see how the popularity of cycling continues to increase.

Let us comment for a moment on some of the various uses to which the bicycle is put.

There is the machine constructed for pleasure, the one for transport, the racing machine and, last but not least by any means, the children's "fairy" cycle which has recently made its appearance.

As regards the machine used for transport by the average small shopkeeper, it is interesting to note that in Copenhagen, and in Denmark generally, bicycles are used for this purpose more than in any other country in the world. Motor-cars have not yet raided the city causing traffic jams, but bicycles are to be seen all over the road, there being apparently no system or control of the right way of road. Therefore, in place of car parks which are seen in most European cities, circles of railings and railings of any building are used to park the cycles, to which the vehicles can be padlocked until the owner's return.

The cycle constructed for pleasure purposes is certainly on the increase, and at this time of the year is obviously very much in evidence. Apart from the large numbers to be seen on the roads, thousands of cyclists turned their wheels towards Salisbury Plain for the Tenth Annual Tidworth Tattoo. In past years the hundreds and hundreds of bicycles stacked neatly in the bicycle parks have astounded old-fashioned folk who think that cycling is dead, and this year it is expected that even a greater number will attend.

Again, to confirm the increase in pleasure-cycle clubs and their membership, a Yorkshire club formed in April, 1930, with nine members, now has a membership of 101.

Turning to the sporting side of cycling, the Frenchman certainly takes his full share in cycle racing and many events are constantly taking place over in France, where this class of sport is in big demand.

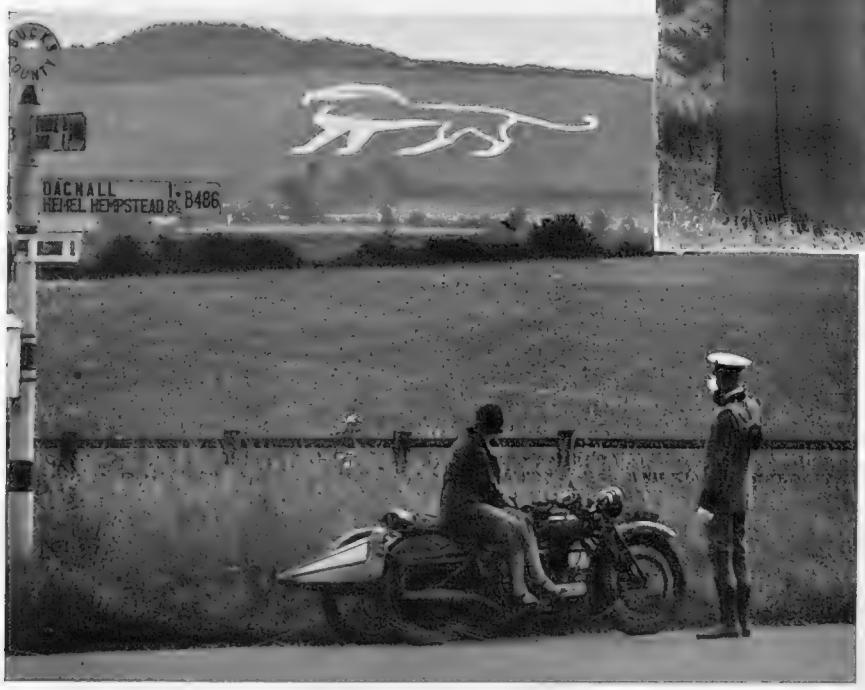
F. G. B.

ABBEYS AND ANTIQUITY

GOD AND MAMMON: The new Buckfast Abbey rising serene against an industrial background. The Abbey represents a quarter of a century of deathless devotion to a great ideal

THE RELIQUARY being carried into Buckfast Abbey when the new building was consecrated by Cardinal Bourne, the Papal Legate, accompanied by Benedictines from all over the world

Inset: THE LORD ABBOT OF BUCKFAST, who for 25 years has presided over its construction



A LIFELESS LION AT WHIPSNADE: The new design being cut in the chalk, in the same fashion as the White Horses and Long Man of remotest antiquity, attracts much attention on the Chilterns

THE MYSTERY MINE OF IVINGHOE: Mr. Samuel Dawson (stripped) examines new finds with Mr. Orbell, the one-armed garage proprietor, on whose ground a remarkable mine filled with all manner of historical objects has been discovered. Relics of the Roman occupation and of pre-Roman Britons, Anglo-Saxon wares, medieval glazes, and even glazes of the seventeenth century, together with a human thigh-bone and strange iron nails, have been unearthed. Mr. Dawson is wearing a basket for his finds strapped round his head

ON THE CHILTERNS: Roman tiles, Ancient Briton flint axes, and early Iron Age pottery are among the finds in a curious mine now being excavated at Ivinghoe, Bucks, by Mr. Orbell, a one-armed man whose garage is on the site. The ancient Icknield Way ran alongside the mine, and it is believed that anything not wanted by travellers along the Way, centuries ago, was thrown into the mine. Experts are greatly puzzled by the variety of objects recovered. The mine is reached by a 40-ft. shaft, down which the ancient miner climbed by means of footholds, the method being used by the modern excavators

PERSONALITIES

of the Current Week

ENGAGED: Lord David Cecil, second son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury, whose betrothal to Rachel, only daughter of Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, the distinguished writer, and Mrs. MacCarthy, is announced

CROWNED: Mr. T. Hampson, who broke the world's record for the 880 metres in the Olympiad at Los Angeles, was, following classical tradition, crowned with laurel on his return. The ceremony took place at Waterloo and was carried out by Mr. L. F. Tremeer, president of London A.C.

MARRIED: M. René Jean Merigeault and Miss Joan Shannon Keena, daughter of the U.S. Consul-General in Paris, were married at a mairie in the presence of the American Ambassador

Sasha

AN HUNGARIAN PLAY'S SUCCESS CELEBRATED AT THE HUNGARIA RESTAURANT: A moment during the party given at the Hungaria Restaurant to celebrate the success of Miss Gladys Cooper's and Mr. Gilbert Miller's new production at the Playhouse, *The Firebird*, translated and adapted by Mr. Jeffrey Dell from the Hungarian of M. Lajos Zilahy. Miss Gladys Cooper is seen above with her husband, Sir Neville Pearson; her daughter, Miss Joan Buckmaster, Mr. Gilbert Miller and M. Zilahy (centre)

Sasha

FIRST NIGHT NOTABLES: Mr. Basil Rathbone (the distinguished English actor who has just returned from Hollywood), Miss Judith Anderson, and Mrs. Cushman, chairwoman of the Theatre Guild, New York, at the première of *The Firebird*

THE QUEEN'S GOD-DAUGHTER: The Earl of Athlone, Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, Captain and Lady May Abel Smith, and (in her nurse's arms) Miss Ann Mary Sibylla Abel Smith after her christening at St. Mary Abbotts, Kensington. H.M. the Queen was represented by a proxy

Sasha

AN AUTHOR IN THE AUDIENCE: Miss Dodie Smith, the successful business woman who proved the even more successful author of *Autumn Crocus* with Mr. Beesley at the première of *The Firebird*, the new Gladys Cooper production at the Playhouse

ON BOARD AND ASHORE in the Club House and elsewhere the most fitting hospitality is the full, generous flavour of **Haig**

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

FOR PROTECTION: An unusual motor-cycle which gives car protection to the driver. The body is of aluminium and the vehicle is driven by a two-stroke engine

A FIRE-FIGHTING TRAILER: The new Pyrene "Phomene" Foam Engine trailer with six fire extinguishers recently supplied to cope with fire risks at Brooklands

FOR NEXT YEAR: Sir William Morris introducing his 1933 21-h.p. Wolseley at the Wolseley Works, Birmingham—a ceremony which took place last week

THE GOOD SAMARITANS: Red Cross nurses on duty at a busy junction of the London-Brighton road in readiness to render first aid in the event of motoring accidents

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

THE LANCHESTER "TEN."—I have just covered 280 miles in a 10-h.p. Lanchester car lent to me by Stratstone, Ltd., of Pall Mall, London. This vehicle is unique in that it is the only motor-car of such low horse-power that possesses what is known as the Daimler fluid flywheel and self-changing transmission. The result of my test convinces me that before many years have passed every car will be equipped with this fluid flywheel and self-changing transmission or similar components. First of all, the expressions, "Fluid Flywheel" and "Self-changing Transmission" should be changed, as they do not convey to the uninitiated any idea as to what these components really do. Worse than that, they are inclined to give a wrong impression. The fluid flywheel in actual fact is an automatic clutch which can be slipped continuously, if desired, without ill effect, whilst the self-changing transmission is really a special type of gear-box which allows the driver to select in advance which gear he will engage.

Let me assume on this 10-h.p. Lanchester the small lever under the steering wheel is at neutral. In order to start the car moving the small lever is placed in the first or second gear notch, depending on whether the car is resting on level ground or on a steep gradient. What looks like the clutch pedal is depressed to the floor-board and allowed to come back of its own accord. The car is now in the gear indicated by the lever, but it does not move forward as the hand brake or foot brake is on. When these are released the car still remains stationary unless the throttle setting is excessive. By pressing down the accelerator pedal the car moves forward in the ordinary way. In order to change gear the driver puts the gear lever to the next notch, or to whatever gear he desires, and there it can remain until he actually desires to change up or down as the case may be. To effect this he again pushes the so-called clutch pedal down to the floor-boards and releases it once more.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION of the 10-h.p. LANCHESTER

Engine—4 Cylinders.
Bore and Stroke—63·5 mm. and 95 mm.
R.A.C. Rating—10-h.p.
Tax—£10.
Clutch—Daimler Fluid Flywheel.
Gear-box—Pre-selective, Noiseless. Four Silent Speeds.
Transmission—Open Propeller Sheft.
Back Axle—Worm Drive, Underslung.
Suspension—Long Semi-elliptic Springs with Hydraulic Shock Absorbers.
Steering—Light Action Cam and Lever System.
Price—£315 Saloon.

Manufacturers:
THE LANCHESTER MOTOR CO., LTD., COVENTRY

IN TRAFFIC.—Should the driver desire to stop, all that he has to do is to put his foot on the brake lever and the car comes to a standstill. He need not touch the left-hand pedal at all. In traffic work, and I had a very good example of this when I was compelled to join a queue of vehicles stretching about two miles on the Godalming side of Guildford, the car is the simplest thing to handle. For those two miles I could not possibly hope ever to get out of second gear, and as the queue moved forward I simply depressed the accelerator pedal, and then, when we all eased up, a slight pressure on the brake pedal brought the car to a standstill. Not having to touch the clutch pedal at all was a perfect godsend.

The people who have not driven one of these Lanchesters or similar cars are apt to imagine that the fluid flywheel and self-changing transmission are only for the less expert driver. I must admit I had the same idea myself, but after driving this car during a week-end I have been forced to the conclusion that the expert car driver, once he gets accustomed to the alteration in driving, would much prefer this new clutch and transmission, and also that it offers unique opportunities of displaying one's skill at the wheel. The mug cannot possibly make a noise with the gears, with the result that the gear-box will be used more frequently than is the case with the orthodox design, and the whole car will last longer and go better in consequence. In the case of the expert, he will become so astute in handling the mechanism that he will leave all similar cars standing when accelerating or climbing a hill. I venture to suggest that the first driver to fit a Daimler fluid flywheel and self-changing transmission to his racing car, and competes in a road race or mountain event at Brooklands, will streak ahead of his competitors who are handling cars with the orthodox type of transmission.

THE POWER UNIT.—Reverting for a moment to the rest of the chassis I feel I must sing a few praises about the engine. This is a four-cylinder job, having a cubic capacity of 1,203 cc. It is fitted with overhead valves and to look at it as it reposes under the bonnet it is a very ordinary looking power unit, but as a result of my test I can assert that I have never driven a smoother or more pleasant car than this Lanchester, due to this remarkable power unit. As far as I could make out it has no period that can be detected, and it gives off so much power that other cars of a similar horse power are usually left behind. Then again the body provides luxurious room for four full-size people, so that the engine has plenty of work to do. Another feature which impressed me immensely was the springing of the vehicle. I have never sat in a more comfortable light car. Road shocks are usually transmitted to the occupants of such vehicles to a degree which is noticeable, but in this Lanchester holes and bumps were smoothed out without the driver or passengers having any knowledge of their existence. The steering is easy and pleasant, and the car has a really sensible lock.

I do not know whether the manufacturers have set out to make this car a Rolls-Royce in its class, but whatever their intentions may have been they have succeeded in producing a real luxury vehicle.

I am often glad to hand back the car which is given to me to test during a week-end, but in this particular case I really felt as if I would like to keep this Lanchester for much longer and use it for my own work.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.—Wolseley Motors, Ltd., have given out their 1933 programme. As was to be expected, a very interesting range of vehicles is available. Some of the latest features of 1933 Wolseley cars are centri-cast cylinder sleeves, centre seal pistons, controlled spring shackles, balanced steering, automatic startin., combined automatic and manual ignition control, electric petrol supply, combined number plates and direction indicators and stop light. In addition the 16-h.p. model, which is an entirely new production, and the 21–60-h.p. cars have a free-wheel device, rigid remote gear control, grouped nipple chassis lubrication, dual electric screen wipers, finger-tip controls, and a special system of isolating the engine from the driver compartment by a sealed bulkhead. The well-known Hornet is now fitted with Hardy-Spicer mechanical joints in the transmission, a new clutch with a flexible centre, and a new enlarged back axle. The petrol tank now holds eight gallons, and a honeycombed-type radiator stone-guard adds to the appearance of the car. A luggage grille, soft leather trimming, a roof light, and an eight-day clock are now included in the standard equipment.

A PROMINENT NEWCOMER: The new Lanchester "Ten" which will inevitably prove one of the features of the forthcoming Motor Show, representing, as it does, the first excursion of this famous firm into the small car market

The new Sixteen has its engine mounted well-forward in a similar manner to that of the Hornet; transmission includes a free-wheel device which automatically locks when reverse gear is used. The general equipment is very complete, and I am interested to note that both the gear-box and the back axle are fitted with dipper sticks so that the oil level can be quickly ascertained. The biggest model in the Wolseley range is the 21–60-h.p. car. This is made with two lengths of wheelbase, the longer being specially suitable for limousine and landaulette bodies.

AN 8-CYLINDER FORD.—I have just received a very striking catalogue of the new V 8 Ford. This catalogue is just as much out of the ordinary as the car is to which it alludes. I have recently had an opportunity of having one or two short runs in this new Ford car and I have been very much impressed. It is so unlike any other vehicle to which the name Ford has ever before been attached that I hope to make

(Continued on p. 364)

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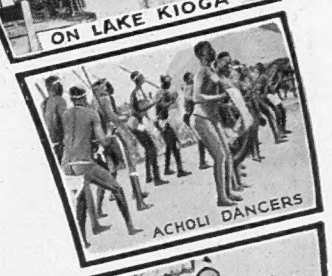
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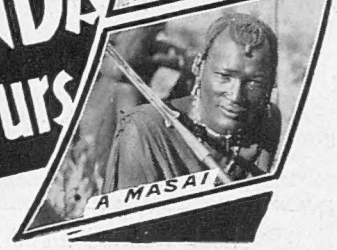
THE COURT JESTER

MURCHINSON FALLS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CONTINUATIONS

BOOKS *(Continued from p. 348)*

me with an entirely different scenario. They had scrapped the other. They could not spend money on a yacht off Cannes.

The second scenario was unbelievable. My characters changed scenes, ages, and situations. I firmly refused to co-operate, I even threatened an injunction. The director went sadly away, doubtless thinking how impossible authors were. A month later another director returned, with another scenario. It was dreadful but, having faced the worst, I capitulated.

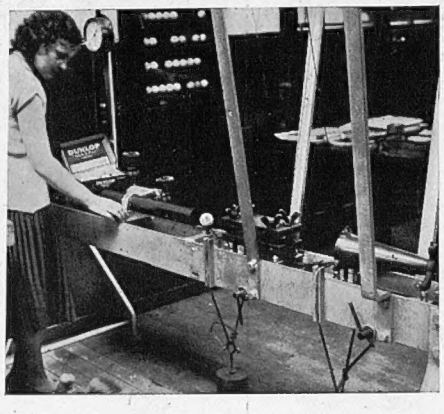
Two months went by, and then the director returned, with another scenario! Oh yes: but news had come in from the film-renters that only comedies were now wanted. So my story must be a comedy. Therefore it could not take place on a yacht, or on the Riviera, or in the garden of a Southern villa, or with any elderly people in it, or with any passages of pathos (how they had pleaded for pathos at the start!). My characters had now not only changed in scene and situation, they had even changed in names. Very well, I said in a spirit of complete co-operation, I would not get in their way at all. They should not have my name nor the title of my book. They could then do just what they liked with it. And perhaps, I added, with a parting shot as I showed out the director, next month they would find tearful drama was wanted by the film-renters, and they would be free to add bucketsful.

PLAYS *(Continued from p. 351)*

background and wore unbecoming clothes. And the daughter it was, played sincerely by Miss Antoinette Cellier. Miss Cellier suggested the hardness of sour sixteen, but not that the character she played would ever achieve her declared ambition of dancing the chief part in Stravinsky's *Firebird* ballet. To such strange lengths do authors go nowadays to justify a play's title.

Miss Cooper has a fine and showy part as the wife of a Cabinet Minister and a most self-sacrificing mother. Her task is to lie, to lie again, to be cross-examined, to plead for mercy, and to look divinely beautiful through each process. She found no difficulty in fulfilling it. Most of the many other parts are shadowy fragments. But Mr. Frank Harvey showed a sure touch as the Police Commissioner. As the Cabinet Minister-husband Mr. Alan Napier seemed to grow taller as the play proceeded. But it is a tall story.

NOTES and NEWS



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IN THE TORQUAY CARNIVAL: The decorated tableau of the Palace Hotel, Torquay, in the great South Coast gala

CONTINUATIONS

THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from p. 362)

arrangements to take it out for an extended trial so as to be able to make a report on its performance to readers of THE SPHERE.

Whilst writing about Ford cars, I have received information that there will be a Ford Motor Exhibition at the White City from October 13 to October 22, these dates corresponding with those of the Olympia Motor Exhibition.

A WARNING BY THE A.A.—The Automobile Association asks motorists to take all precautions to avoid the possibility of fires which, during warm weather, are liable to cause considerable damage in our woods and forests. Camp fires, live matches, and cigarette ends are a frequent source of danger whilst, although it is not generally realized, outbreaks of fire often occur as the result of the sun's rays being focused when coming in contact with broken bottles, etc. The A.A. also appeals to motorists to leave popular picnicking grounds and beauty spots in the same condition as they would like to find them, and generally to assist in the preservation of the countryside.

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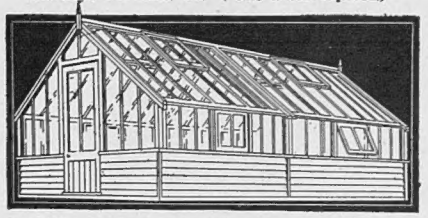

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More than ever as the days grow shorter

" This is a story of the days when people still had money and the hotels of the Riviera were able to charge twenty-five francs for a dry Martini: days now so remote that they begin to take on the faint glamour of a grown-up fairy tale. The oranges and lemons, hanging like balls of pale and deeper gold, brought no thought of a tottering standard. In expensively-decorated casinos large sums of currency passed fluently from hand to hand. Paradise, in short, à la rue de la Paix—or rather à la Place Vendôme, where all the banks are . . .

The Château Bérénice was built in the year 1596 as a slight tribute to one of the mistresses of Henri IV. Or so say the guide-books: in any case, the story is still worth money. The original constructions, when M. Poire came on the scene some four centuries later, had long crumbled away; but one tower remained, and round this nucleus, with indomitable energy, he gradually built up the most expensive hotel between the Alps and the Pyrenees. The rooms in the old wing (for which M. Poire naturally charged double) numbered no more than six: but such is the force of historic association (especially if tinged with scandal) that those six amply sufficed to fill the remaining two hundred. The other great feature of the Château was a wide stone terrace, built up almost from the shore and conveniently planted with orange trees and umbrellas in alternate tubs: across which, at the moment when this moral history opens, a very beautiful young man was slowly sauntering in the direction of the lounge. No sooner, however, had he reached the door than he faced about, appeared to consult his watch, and wandered idly back to where a girl in white was sitting under one of the yellow sunshades.

She was a very pretty girl, with slanting blue eyes and dark hair, almost as sleek as his own, but it was none of these undeniable attractions that drew the young man out of his way. . . ."

In " MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN "
by Margery Sharp.

A pretty girl and a man—go-getters both, with both eyes fixed on the main chance . . . . but it was not only Antony who counted the world well lost for love.

YOU MUST READ IT.

This beautiful signed portrait of
RONALD COLMAN
GIVEN AWAY
with this issue

BRITANNIA & EVE is not essentially a fashion paper, but Madge Garland knows what every woman wants to know for the Autumn . . . She writes: " September, 1932, and by the time you read this I shall have seen the Winter Collection in Paris, and know what you and I are going to wear for the next six months, and in our next issue I propose to give you a resumé of all I see and hear . . . But already there are indications of subtle changes, rumours of this and that, a new hat hazarded, a new silhouette confirmed by popular opinion. We know that velvet is going to be the material of outstanding importance this season, velvet of every description. Fine panne velvets, stitched velvets for hats, plush velvets, cotton velvets, waterproof velvets, uncrushable velvets, and some new velvets which have a fluffy, furry surface. Then duveteen has returned, and broadcloth, which has invaded the evening mode, and we are certainly going to wear cloth evening gowns this winter, as we cheerfully wore gingham ones last summer.

We are going to wear black, but black with a difference. We are going to vary it with 'off-black,' just as we varied white with 'off-white' this summer, and a dull battleship grey is predicted, though relieved with colour, coral red and green for preference. We shall also use black as a trimming for navy blue, and, as usual, contrast it with white, particularly in the evening; for day wear we shall see a lot of burgundy and cerise reds, but no yellow reds.

Our skirt lengths will, I think, remain unchanged, unless . . . "

You must read every word—there are pages of "Fashion" in the September issue.

Ask your Newsagent to deliver it

" THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE DAMNED " *by C. Patrick Thompson*
" STUDY THE STARS AND DRESS YOUR LINE " *by M. O. Peak*
" ORANGES AND LEMONS " *by Julian Fitzgerald*
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"A FLAT IN AUDLEY HOUSE" *by Pamela Murray*
" FASHION FORECAST " *by Madge Garland*

THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF
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